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DAZZLING SCHEMES;

Or, Love and Revolutions

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CHAPTER I.

AT THE CAFE ST. DENIS.

SANDY M'DONALD sipped the wine which the obsequious waiter had brought and let his eyes wander about him. The scene was strange and novel to him. A joyous crowd flowed in and out of the Cafe St. Denis, and mingled with the strains of music, coming in soft pulsations from the feathery ramparts of the palms, rose the babble of many voices in many languages. Parisian and New York toilettes fluttered in the subdued radiance of electric globes that swung like transparent bubbles in the open court, and the laughter of beautiful women rose and fell like the muffled sound of tinkling bells.

From the high terrace the landscape fell away in sinuous ripples to the beach, and beyond lay the bay over which were creeping the shadows of the tropic night.

Lights flashed and gleamed on the wrinkled waters, and at intervals the searchlight from the grim fortifications on the arm of the peninsula cut a lane of light through the darkness and touched the waters with a thousand points of quivering fire.

The black clouds of revolution were hovering over the little Central American Republic of Guadalayara, and the watchful eye of the government was ever wide open and alert.

Sandy McDonald shrugged his shoulders as a mild displeasure at the disturbing state of affairs. He turned to the Englishman who sat on the opposite side of the table.

"This dinky little republic is sure keeping the pot boiling," he remarked. "Why can't they behave?"

"They don't know how," replied the Englishman. "This sort of business is enough to ruin the digestion of the whole country and make dyspeptics and mental wrecks of the President and his cabinet. Every one in Guadalayara suspects and watches every one else, and the man who is your servant today may head a revolution tomorrow. If you are invited out to dinner, your hat and umbrella are searched for engines of destruction, and your host keeps a firm grip on the carving knife lest a revolution should break out among the guests before the dessert is served."

Sandy laughed.

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," he said, "but a blind man could see that it is a pretty tough layout."

Sandy McDonald had come to Guadalayara on a two-fold errand. One was to pay a promised visit to an old friend, Bobby Henning, and the other was to get out of hearing of the adding machines in his father's banks.

He had spent a large part of his life on a cattle ranch, in Colorado, and every fiber of his body had been nourished by the vital breath of the foothills and the wild, free air of the plains. It was not till his father had sold his ranches and herds and abdicated the throne as cattle king to establish a dozen banks in Oklahoma, that life became stale and unprofitable to Sandy.

The ceaseless clink of coin, the smell of the greasy rolls of currency, the incessant and eternal click of adding machines and all the attendant tumult of the civilized devices for accumulation—these conspired to vex his soul and destory the tranquillity of his existence. It was at this point that he showed signs of revolt.

"I'm sure tired to death with this layout," he told his father, "and if I don't get away from the smell of these wads of currency and bankable paper, I'll be a subject for the bughouse!"

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," said the old man gently. "Mebby you'd better cut it out for awhile and take a little run over to Europe, Africa or somewhere? What do you say?"

Sandy reflected a moment.

"As for Europe," he said, "I could never find any entertainment in pawing over the junk they keep on exhibition there for tourists and as for Africa, I have no notion of collecting a menagerie. I think I'll run down to Central America and visit Bobbie Henning. No doubt he's having the time of his life down there, and he has written me to come if I could ever get out of the harness long enough."

"Good enough," nodded Sandy's father. "It isn't a bad idea. We may want to extend our business in that direction some of these days. Have Morgan issue you drafts, letters of credit, or whatever you want to take with you, and hit the grit as soon as you like."

And so Sandy had come to San Vincente—the principal port in Guadalayara—to find Bobby Henning absent on an important errand to the capital, and the republic in a state of revolution.

Sandy pronounced it a charming place for all that. Bobby had taken a bungalow on a hill overlooking the bay of San Vincente, where he lived in magnificent style. It was a picturesque place, with innumerable shady nooks, surrounded by stately palms and the feathery bamboo. Bobby's private secretary, Paul Murray, an engaging youth of twenty, meet Sandy at the pier on the latter's arrival and bade him welcome in Bobby's name, and delivered him the following note:

"Dear Sandy: I am called away on important business, but my secretary will meet you and give you the freedom of the city, and conduct you to my bungalow where a room opposite my own has been prepared for your accommodation. Try and amuse yourself the best you can till I return and then I'll show you the wonders of San Vincente and unfold to you the splendid vistas of wealth and glory that are open to the right man who comes to Guadalayara.

"Be patient till I return, for, as the Spaniards say, 'I burn with impatience to fly to you.' Adios.

"B. F. HENNING."

And so Sandy was trying to find entertainment while he waited for Bobby's return.

"Some of these days," the Englishman remarked, as he lighted a cigar, "there is going to be a big international muddle over the affairs in Guadalayara. The richness of the country is already attracting the attention of the money kings of Europe and America, and when the grabbing begins, there's going to be trouble."

"I hope they'll put it off till I have a chance to look at the layout—before they muss things up.'

"I am thankful that my country is not to be in the dirty muddle," observed the Englishman.

"And as far as Uncle Sam is concern-

ed," replied Sandy, "there is the Monroe Doctrine to put a check on affairs if there is any territory grabbing indulged in."

Sandy paused and instantly became interested in two women who had just seated themselves at a table. The younger woman could not have been over twenty, and there was that about her that impelled one's attention. She was slender with a dark oval face and a coil of black hair that gave her a witching look, and under the wide picture hat with its sable plumes shone a pair of wonderful dark eyes. She wore a gown of black net over darkest crimson, and at her throat a diamond broach glinted in the subdued radiance of the electric lights. Her companion was a woman of some thirty years, perhaps; of dazzling beauty. Her face was like a lily, her eyes a wonderful gray, and her lips vied with the red carnations she held listlessly in her hand. Her hair of the palest gold, shimmered in fluffy masses under the broad hat with its dead white plumes, and a rope of pearls encircled her neck and glinted like frost amid the lace on her bosom.

The two presented a striking contrast—as if Night and Day stood together. Sandy was fascinated. Having spent most of his life on the range, such visions of female loveliness had never before broken upon his vision.

Who were they? He asked the question over and over in his mind, and it was with an effort that he withdrew his gaze from them.

He now observed that the Englishman was also regarding the pair with interest.

"Who are they?" Sandy ventured to ask.

"That is a question that a good many men have asked in the past few days," was the reply.

"Then you do not know?"

There was a note of disappointment in Sandy's voice.

"No; but of course there is a certain amount of gossip about the two women, and this gossip has said that the elder lady is a countess, and that the other her protege. That is the extent of the information afforded so far."

"But where are they staying? and how long have they been in San Vincente?" queried Sandy.

The Englishman drained the glass of wine deliberately before he spoke.

"Just where they came from is not known. They are stopping at Dragon Castle for the present at least."

"Where is Dragon Castle?"

"It stands on the mountain road about two miles from the town. It is quite an ancient structure, and was erected many years ago by a Spaniard who set himself up as a dictator, and for a short time ruled Guadalayara with an iron hand. It was a common thing, so tradition says, for him to put his enemies to death up there at the castle, and there was a horrible superstition among the natives that some sort of a monster or dragon inhabited the place, and so in time it got the name of Dragon Castle."

"A very tragic story," commented Sandy. "Is this old Spanish butcher dead, may I ask?"

The Englishman smiled.

"Quite dead," he said. "I think one of the natives cut off his head with a machete—a kind of corn-knife—about two hundred years ago."

"Two hundred years ago! Good Lord!" ejaculated Sandy, who had never been a student of history. "Did people live here that long ago—white people?"

"They called themselves white, but they were pretty black on the inside—the kind we read of in the history of the country."

"And the old castle has stood ever since? Who owns it now?"

"It was bought some years ago by a man from New York—I don't know as I ever heard his name, and as far as I know, he still owns it."

"He doesn't live there?" asked Sandy.

"Oh, no. He hasn't been here for years."

"The New York man is probably here," replied Sandy, "and these ladies must be members of his family. Still," he added, "they don't have countesses in New York."

He turned his gaze toward the table again. The fact that the two women were accompanied by no man mystified him a little.

The Englishman got up and stood for a moment as he lit a cigar.

"They brought an automobile with them," he said, "and I have never seen anybody with them but a swarthy-skinned rat of a fellow who runs the machine."

He strolled away and Sandy was left to his own reflections. The gay laughter of women floated from across the court and the ceaseless chatter of voices mingled with the throbbing strains of music.

A girl dressed in red came out behind the palms and danced a Spanish dance on a richly decorated dais, and some one sang a song, but Sandy had no eyes or ears for anything but the two women at the table. The one with the dark eyes fascinated him. In all his life he had never beheld a woman just like her.

He ordered more wine and drank it at a gulp, and lingered at the table. He now saw, not without a feeling of jealousy—absurd as it seemed—that a man, dark of visage, tall and of rather distinguished appearance, had joined the countess and her protege. He was standing before them, leaning a little forward, speaking in a low tone. He was evidently addressing his remarks to the younger woman, and Sandy watched the expression of her face with growing interest.

There was a look of anger, annoyance and resentment in her face, and she put up her hand as if to repel him. At this he came a little nearer, his face flushed.

There was no doubt in Sandy's mind that the man, whoever he was, was making himself offensive to the women. It roused in him a sudden conviction that the fellow should be suppressed. To his mind there was nothing that could justify a man in making such a nuisance of himself in a public place.

He rose and strolled in the direction of the trio, as he drew near he heard the voice of the younger woman raised in passionate protest.

"I shall not submit to your annoyance!" she declared. "I have told you many times——"

"But you shall listen to what I have to say," broke in the man's voice in clear, firm tones.

Sandy was passing very close to the table, and with sudden impulse he turned. He lifted his hat and addressed the girl in black.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, "for this intrustion." He turned quickly and spoke to the man in a low tone. "I must ask you not annoy these ladies," he said blandly.

The stranger wheeled upon him, his face flushed with rage. A single glance into the flushed countenance was sufficient to see that the man was under the influence of liquor.

"Who are you? and what do you mean?" he demanded, his face working with suppressed rage.

A waiter stopped close by and surveyed the group, uncertain as to whether he should interpose to stop a quarrel.

Sandy fished a card from his pocket and thrust it into the man's hand.

"You can commit that to memory if you think it has any bearing on the case," he said, coming very close to the dark scowler and speaking in a low voice. "You really mustn't annoy these ladies and make a spectacle of yourself in a public place."

The stranger was dumfounded. For a moment his rage was too great to permit him to speak.

"You—you dare to say what I shall do!" he cried at length. He came a little nearer to Sandy. He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "If you don't get away from here I'll kill you!" he said.

A waiter came quickly forward. It was the attitude of the men and the expression on their faces that warned him that trouble was brewing, for he had not heard the words spoken.

"Gentlemen—ye can't have any brawls in here," he said, speaking in English. "Positively, we cannot." He waved his hand and stood waiting.

Sandy smiled serenely.

"You are mistaken," he said. "We were only engaged in a little argument—a dispute about a point not for you to know, so don't you butt in any." Still smiling, he turned to the stranger. "I am sure we shan't disagree on this little point if you will only reflect a moment," he said, laughing softly. "I never heard of it being raised in Colorado." The women had risen and were moving away, but as they did so the dark one threw Sandy a glance in which she thanked him with her eyes.

The two men stood facing each other, the one smiling, the other the picture of impotent rage.

"A moment ago," Sandy said, in a low voice, "you made some remarks about killing some one. If you attempt any gun play I'll break every bone in your body! See?"

The other drew back, his face now almost purple with rage, and as he did so he made a quick motion and the next instant came the gleam of blue steel as a pistol was flashed into view.

But Sandy was not taken unawares. With a quick stride he bent forward, and with a single blow delivered with amazing quickness and precision, he sent the stranger in a senseless heap on the floor. As he went down the pistol exploded, the sharp report cutting with startling distinctness through the sounds of gayety.

In an instant there was a deadly hush. The band suddenly ceased, the chatter of frivolous voices fell into silence, and the horrified spectators saw a man go down while the report of the pistol echoed and re-echoed through the wide court and building. A woman shrieked there was a confusion of voices, a mad rush and a panic spread through the crowd.

Coolly, Sandy turned and walked toward the door leading to the street, while the crowd surged around and about him on every side, panic-stricken.

The belief that some revolutionist, bent on assassination, had fired the shot, sent a thrill of horror through the crowd; and fearful lest this might be the prelude to further and widespread violence, the crowd rushed pell-mell from the cafe.

Calm and imperturbable, Sandy drifted with the crowd to the outside, those who rubbed shoulders with him in the exit never suspecting that he had been an actor in the episode.

The gaudy uniformed police were pushing their way into the cafe and the crowd was scattering before them like frightened fowls in a barnyard.

Sandy threw a quick glance about him as he emerged from the building. He saw the countess and her protege. They were at the curb, terrified and distressed, glancing about them in a frightened, bewildered manner. Before them stood a motor car, but it was empty. The situation dawned on Sandy in an instant. In the panic, their chauffeur had deserted the car and doubtless fled to some place of safety.

He stepped quickly forward and stood beside the car facing them.

"If I might be permitted," he said, "I could take you wherever you wish to go."

"How kind you are," cried the countess. "We shall be very glad, indeed. We are dreadfully frightened!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you are not hurt!" cried the other, her dark eyes turned to Sandy, and there was something in their expression that made his heart beat tumultuously. "Are you—sure you are not hurt?" she added, her eyes widening with sudden alarm.

"Quite sure," replied Sandy happily. By this time they were in the car and the sharp staccato of the motor cut sharply on the night as the big car swung into the street.

"Turn to the left and take the mountain road to the north," directed the countess; and the car swept on its way, leaving in its wake a long trail of smoke-like dust, and carrying Sandy McDonald into the misty realms of a new world!

CHAPTER II.
BOBBY.

The muffled staccato of a gasoline motor came out of the darkness, and a moment later, a trim launch glided from the shadows of the rocky headland.

Overhead, the moon, obscured by a wraith-like mist that crept up from the sea, swung like a white globe in the nebulous light. Below, the only roll of the tropic sea beat with rhythmic pulsations along the rocky shore.

Schools of small fish leaped upward and fell back in gleaming showers into the waters of the bay, while here and there, a great fin, dark, ensiform, would cut the waters like a blade of steel, leaving in its wake a long line of phosphorescent light that gleamed amid a swarm of shining bubbles like strands of many-colored beads. Then would follow an ominous splash—a sudden churning of the waters into foam as some panic-stricken fish fell a prey to the ferocious shark.

"It is the battle between the little fish and the sharks," muttered Bobby Fenton Henning, sitting in the launch, a cigarette between his lips, "with heads I win and tails you lose in favor of the sharks!"

He opened and shut his hand in a sudden deprecatory gesture. "We sympathize with the little fishes of the sea," he went on, "and curse the sharks of the mighty deep; but on land we fawn on the human shark and elect him to office on account of the shrewdness that enables him to grow fat on the little fish!"

Joaquin, the dark-visaged Guadalayaran, who sat at the rudder, and who might have been a revolutionist had not the pinch of poverty kept him constantly employed in more peaceful pursuits, listened to Bobby's words with brightening eyes and approving nods. It was the pride of Joaquin that he understood English, and he had a profound admiration for the people of the great sister republic of the North, and once when he had visited the capital of Venezuela he stood in deep veneration before the statue of George Washington and dreamed of a day hoped for when his own country should produce such a man and bring with him peace and enlightenment to a restless and benighted people.

He was owner of the launch which he had christened "George Washington," in honor of the Father of His Country. He had many reasons to be thankful for having met Bobby, for Bobby was so liberal in payment for services that Joaquin already began to have visions of wealth and a line of boats of his own plying between San Vincente and Porto and other South American ports.

Deep down in his heart he cherished the shadow of an ambition to figure as a factor in the politics of his own country. Having felt the pinch of being poor, and noted—not without some visible signs of recalcitrancy—the arrogance of the rich, he had in him the stuff of which revolutionists are made.

He sat silently digesting the words Bobby had uttered, thinking it strange that one whose life had been cast in an atmosphere of wealth, as he believed Bobby's had been, should give expressions to such thoughts.

He had learned in the hard school of experience that the rich of his own country, banding themselves together, made a common cause against the poor, and this had tinctured his life with bitterness. It was a pleasant surprise to him, however, to hear one from a foreign land giving voice to the very thoughts that had so long been in his own mind.

He did not venture to make any remarks, but nodded in silence as the launch swung out into the sparkling waters and turned its nose to the east.

Far astern, the harbor lights of Santa Rosa, winked obscurely through the mist and wisps of trailing smoke, and northward, a steamer was churning her way to the east in a dark smudge of curling smoke through which the lights of the ship threw quivering points of flame on the disheveled waters.

Bobby, cigarette between his lips, watched eagerly the contour of the cliffs that skirted the bay, and presently, at a sign from him, Joaquin turned the launch toward the shore.

Turning an angle of the bit of headland that jutted into the bay, the boat slipped into a quiet inlet and coughed its way noisily through the silent waters.

"You ought to give George Washington something for that cough," remarked Henning. "Really, it is getting serious."

"Si, Senor," said Joaquin hastily, regretfully. "I meant to fix it. It is annoying?"

Bobby laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense," he cried. Can't you people ever learn to take a joke?"

"Oh," cried Joaquin, radiant, "It was only the amusement?"

"Something like that," replied Bobby "an attempt to transplant a hardy American joke in your tropical soil where one would hardly expect a frost!"

Joaquin laughed, weakly, hesitatingly his mind struggling desperately to grasp the subtle idiom.

"There is one thing you ought to learn, Joaquin," advised Bobby.

"Si, senor."

"If you wish to make yourself agreeable to the people of my country you should learn to laugh at their jokes."

"I shall try very hard to learn, senor," said Joaquin, doubtfully, and with such intense gravity that Bobby laughed outright.

It was evident that the civilization of the simple children the southern republics still lay in the misty future.

The low lying peninsula lay like a dark finger on the misty waters, and beyond the serrate cliffs, above which appeared vistas of feathery palm, rose against the pallid light of the sky.

Through a wide gap in the cliffs Bobby caught sight of lights struggling through the tropical foliage, and as the craft swung round to the shore in compliance with a signal by Bobby, a small wooden pier, from which a flight of stone steps led up the steep incline, was visible.

Bobby leaped ashore, tossed some cigarettes to Joaquin and said, "You can turn in at three to-morrow," and with this he ascended the steps.

For two days Bobby had sought an interview with the president of Guadalayara, and so far every attempt had failed. He had arrived at the capital only to find the president absent. He expected to find him in San Rosa, but he had just left for his country residence an hour before. Bobby was armed with a letter from the American minister and one from a member of the President's cabinet, in which the importance of Bobby's mission was set forth. At last the American minister had wired President Aguerra and the result had been that Bobby was to meet the president at his country residence as an honored guest.

Robert Fenton Henning (called Bobby by all his friends in the interest of brevity and as a token of affection) was the only son of Mortimer Wilson Henning, millionaire, philanthropist (incidentally a manufacturer of a celebrated brand of breakfast foods as a means of profit. His "Gossamer Biscuits," "Shredded Air Wafers" and "Vital Victuelets," had become household words, and no reputable magazine went to press without his alluring advertisement on the fourth page of the cover.

"Old Hen," as Mr. Henning was called by his rivals in business, had learned, at the very outset of his career, the value of acquainting the public with the merits of anything offered for sale, and through the periods of prosperity and through panics' depressions, his gentle, insinuating invitations to buy pervaded bill boards, decorated street cars and graced the columns of the papers and magazines, cheerful, confident, ubiquitous, exhaling an air of optimism and universal prosperity and good will. The various foods manufactured by his establishment, he averred, met the requirements of the physical well-being of men of every walk in life. To the workingman it gave health and strength; to the merchant and man of business, the doctor and lawyer, it imparted renewed vitality and mental strength. It lent suppleness and vigor to the athlete, and to ministers of the gospel a mental and moral tonic, inspiring lofty ideals and renewed religious fervor. To youth it gave the strength of mature years, and to old age it imparted the vigor and buoyancy of youth.

The promoters of rival establishments were aghast at this daring and startling catalogue of the merits ascribed to the products of the Great American Breakfast Food Company; and they insinuated that "Old Hen" the president, was either a humbug or a lunatic. They employed men skilled in the science of hygiene and chemistry to

analyze the foods manufactured by the Great American Breakfast Food Company, and a learned and bewildering refutation of the claims made by the company was prepared. But it was no use. If the people read the refutations they did not understand them, and their publication tended to increase rather than diminish the sales of the now famous foods.

Discovering the futility of their attack, the rivals changed their tactics and boldly adopted the methods employed by their hated but successful rival. With shameless inconsistency they now claimed for their own products all the merits ascribed to the foods produced by the Great American Breakfast Food Company. But again they met defeat. Being ranked as only imitators, they were merely gleaners in the field already harvested by their rival. The G. A. B. F. Co. now printed on all packages of its foods the warning to all consumers "To Take No Worthless Imitations said to be just as good with the declaration, There Is None Just as Good!"

If Mr. Henning, who had always prided himself on being a conscientious man, had suffered any pangs of conscience for having claimed for his products merits greater than he dared hope for them, the thousands of letters which poured in upon him from all quarters of the country, testifying to even greater merits for them than he had ever dreamed of, must have relieved him of every symptom of such distress.

Thus, in time, did Mr. Henning become a convert to the theories which he had, at first, promulgated with doubt and misgiving. It is not hard for one to believe in the things which work to his own good, and Mr. Henning, being consistent in all things, did not hesitate to act accordingly. What was good for the people in general, he reasoned, must be good for himself and family. Thus he became a patron of his own establishment. His table was always laden with the various foods which he spent more than $100,000 a year to advertise. His family was literally raised on the celebrated foods, and the precocity shown by Bobby, even at an early age, convinced his father that their foods were not only healthful, but imparted to those who ate them a mental as well as a physical vigor; and this to such an extent that he began to look upon the introduction of his products as not only a means of enriching himself, but a duty he owed to mankind.

He communicated this belief to Bobby, who had but a short time before returned from college, and who had arrived at an age when he might be expected to comprehend the spirit of his father's business.

Bobby, who had imbibed the usual amount of skepticism that is the result of a modern university education, was inclined to make light of his father's theories; but he refrained from giving expression to his thoughts. He had learned to give respect to his father's theories, whether or not they appealed to his own sense of feasibility; which was justified by the fact that his father's ideas had been coined into millions, while his own, though displaying more erudition, had never paid any dividends.

Besides, as far as Bobby's individual experience was concerned, it had tended to confirm rather than contradict his father's ideas, as had been proved by some events during his schooldays.

One event in particular, he now recalled with vivid remembrance. On entering college Bobby found that the fame of "Vital Victualets" and other products of his father's establishment had preceded him, and Bobby Fenton Henning was immediately dubbed "Breakfast Food Henning" and he was made the butt of many inane jokes that pass for humor among college students. These Bobby accepted in the spirit they were supposed to be given, being of a gentle and placid temperament. It was not till those quips and jests were directed at the integrity of his father that Bobby showed signs of revolt.

The offender was "Reddy" Smith, a young giant who was leader in athletic sports and something of a bully. By his physical strength and aggressive manner he dominated the school. He had a massive frame, a square, pugnacious jaw and a prodigious amount of egotism.

When Bobby objected to the slurs directed against his father, "Reddy" Smith laughed. It amused him to have some one object to him. It was a novelty he considered as a subject for levity.

"Just so you apologize for it," said Bobby, passively and sweetly.

Reddy grinned—actually snickered.

"Really, now, Breakfast Food," he said, "you ought to know better than that. I never apologize, you know."

"You can do as you please," Bobby replied.

At this Reddy snickered again.

"How kind you are," he said. "Your generosity surprises me."

"Then you do not intend to apologize?"

"If you didn't understand what I said you ought to take a special course in English," says Reddy. "I really couldn't, you know——"

His words were cut short and ended in a gasp.

Bobby had leaned forward and slapped him in the face with his open hand.

Never, in all his life, had Reddy Smith been so completely surprised. The little crowd that had gathered about the two was dumb with amazement. Reddy was at least twenty pounds heavier than Bobby, of muscular build, a trained athlete, and was known to be overbearing and fond of punishing those who dared give him cause.

The friends of Bobby were aghast. They looked on his act as madness.

As for Reddy, the look that came over his face was almost comical. His bead-like eyes blinked and the muscles of his face worked with emotion. He straightened himself up, shook his shoulders as if to bring himself into action and made a leap for Bobby.

But the crowd rushed in between. They pleaded with Reddy that the matter should be settled according to the rules; that it was not the act of a game sport to seek redress for the blow by engaging in a vulgar battle without any formal arrangements. But Reddy would listen to nothing. Bobby must fight him then and there. No one could stop it. He would make a personal matter with any one who stood in his way. He commanded all who did not want to fight him to stand aside. They would have expostulated further but Bobby interposed.

"I am agreed," he said. "I ask any one here who is my friend to stand aside and let the fight go on."

"Oh, I am so glad you are not hurt!"

Bobby's friends were speechless with amazement. While they admired the grit of Bobby, they felt that a quick and disastrous defeat was in wait for him. Finally, when they found voice, they pleaded with him to reconsider the matter. But he was steadfast in his determination that the fight should come off then and there unless Reddy Smith should desire otherwise.

So the affair was quickly arranged and a ring made and the two combatants entered. That fight is to this day looked upon as one of the most amazing that ever took place at the college. It is asserted that Reddy never for a single moment had any chance of winning. With an amazing skill that took away the breath of the onlookers, Bobby dealt blow after blow upon his antagonist, and with an equal skill and marvelous quickness avoided every blow aimed at him, though Reddy was the acknowledged champion of the college, both as an athlete and in the fistic arena. The end came swiftly. In the fourth round Reddy was knocked out and the amazed friends of Bobby clustered about him to offer congratulations for his wonderful victory.

Bobby was calm but unmoved.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness, boys," he said, "and I wish I could feel that I deserve half the praise you would give me, but I know I do not." He paused and let his eyes wander over the hushed faces about him. "Some one of you said that you all feel proud of me," he went on, "but I do not feel proud of myself. I hope I shall never be proud of any strength I may possess, mental or physical—of any skill or training that is mine, should it be used to triumph over some weaker person, or to vanquish one less skilled." He drew on his coat deliberately and mopped the perspiration from his brow. "The training I received," he continued, "was given by a friend years ago when I thought mere physical strength was the glory of the world. I have since learned my error."

Although Bobby refused to take any credit for the victory over the champion, it was, as his friends insisted, a decided triumph for the Breakfast Foods manufactured by his father, and was a direct refutation of the charges made against them. The fight, however, continued to be the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the college, and some one—probably more for fun than out of malice—placed a collection of the choicest breakfast foods manufactured by the Great American Breakfast Food Company at Reddy's door, with instructions to Reddy to include them in his bill of fare regularly if he wished to regain his lost prestige as an athlete and fighter.

And it was this experience that reverted to Bobby's mind when he listened to his father's extravagant claims for the foods produced by his establishment.

Mr. Henning proceeded to lay his plans before Bobby—plans that were far-reaching and fairly made Bobby catch his breath in amazement.

"I have in my mind," pursued the elder Henning, "plans for the expansion of our business—plans which the success of the business has more than justified. Having covered every State in the Union, we must now carry the campaign across the seas. We shall begin by establishing branch houses in the principal countries of South and Central America. Our first move will be to establish a branch house in San Vincente, the principal port in Guadalayara, and arrangements have been made to push this work to completion without delay. You are to proceed to San Vincente at once and take charge of affairs there for the company."

And so it came about that the Great American Breakfast Food Company established itself in the little republic of Guadalayara, and long before he reached his destination in the little republic, Bobby Henning had conceived a novel plan by which he proposed to achieve the commercial conquest of Guadalayara. And his present mission was to lay this plan before the president of the republic.

CHAPTER III.

BOBBY HENNING'S PLAN.

President Aguerra awaited the coming of Bobby Henning with pleasure and keenest interest. Although he had not as yet met the young American who had come to Guadalayara with millions to invest, he had already been advised concerning him and his projects through the State department, and he gave him a cordial greeting when he arrived.

Just at that time, when the clouds of revolution were hanging over the republic, he realized the value of having the friendship of one of Uncle Sam's powerful magnates whose interests were to be interwoven with that of his own country. He well knew how jealously the great republic of the North guarded the interests of its citizens who invested in foreign countries, and so he hailed the coming of young Henning with pleasure and regarded it as a good omen.

Although darkness had fallen when Bobby reached the residence of President Aguerra, he was received and welcomed by the president himself who had been expecting him for the past hour.

"I am glad to give you welcome," greeted the president in fluent English. "It is always a pleasure to meet one of your countrymen."

They shook hands in the most cordial manner while Bobby expressed his pleasure at meeting the chief executive of the little republic.

A servant brought sandwiches and wine.

"We shall break bread together before we talk," said the president. "It is a good omen."

After the wine and sandwiches came the big black cigars which are the pride of the Southern republics, and as the smoke rose like the breath from burning incense, the feathery wreathes twining themselves together, the conversation drifted into the subject dearest to Bobby's heart.

"It is most unfortunate," said the president, "that your coming to Guadalayara should have been at a time when we are troubled by internal dissentions."

"On the contrary," Bobby replied, "I consider that the coming at this time is most opportune, for it will afford me the chance of being of service to you and the republic."

The president leaned back in his chair and surveyed his guest with the slightest look of surprise.

"Yours is a great country," pursued Bobby, "one of the most fertile and prolific in its resources on the face of the earth, and yet, it is cursed with a horde of revolutionists who are continually threatening the stability of your government and putting the country on the bum."

He paused to note the effect of his words.

The president who considered himself a master of good English, but who had acquired his fluency through a study of Addison and De Quincey, was shocked at his inability to grasp Bobby's meaning. The concluding word of his guest's remarks he could not remember of having encountered in any English classic used in the sense in which it was here employed; But pride forbade him to ask an explanation, though the phrase "on the bum" set his wits in a perplexing whirl. The word "bum" he could only remember as being used to indicate some sort of a violent explosive employed by anarchists, and the word was used by his guest in close juxtaposition to "revolutionist." This, to his mind, served to establish its meaning.

He did not commit himself, however, but nodded gravely and waited for his guest to go on.

"The question of what makes revolutionists," continued Bobby, "is one of vital importance to every civilized government. The revolutionist himself will tell you that he is the result of misrule and injustice; but that is a well-established fallacy. For proof of this one needs but a glance at the history of the successful revolutionists. No sooner is he in power than he himself is beset by other revolutionists who plot to hurl him from power. And so the matter goes on in a sort of endless chain, while the people of the earth are continually called upon to waste their substance, to sacrifice their lives in suppressing the vicious and misguided humbug—the revolutionist!"

And again Bobby paused. The eyes of the president scintillated with pleasure. He had begun to understand.

"But who is responsible for the revolutionist?" Bobby asked abruptly. "It isn't the government that is responsible for him. He is the natural product—not of a political, but of a physical condition. You can't change the revolutionist so long as the conditions are favorable to his production, so you must change the conditions. What are the conditions? Not the climate, for all latitudes produce him. He springs from no particular nationality, for all nations produce him. It all depends on the fiber of which a man is made, whether he be an anarchist or a contented citizen, and naturally, the fiber of which a man is made is produced by what he eats. There lies the whole matter in a nutshell. Change the diet of a man and you change the man. You can't preach it into him, nor drive it into him nor frighten it into him, but you can rebuild him, if you go about it in the proper way, and in time the most blood-thirsty revolutionist will

(Continued on page six.)

The Sea Trailer;

Or, AFLOAT WITH BUCCANEERS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER VIII.

VICTIMS OF THE SEA.

BARRON had fully decided upon his course, and he adhered strictly to his plan. Stating that he had important business in Australia that demanded instant attention, he made a strong though brief plea that he bet set ashore and permitted to proceed, but Captain Duke heard without being noticeably impressed. He again said that he needed new hands, and when Barron marked his manner he did not let the discussion go far enough for the pirate to explain what would happen if he refused to comply with the demand.

No explanation was necessary, for he knew that if he declined he would be murdered without compunction or delay.

Being helpless, he showed no reluctance, and no emotion whatever, but plainly announced that he would join Duke's crew.

"Well said, my hearty!" exclaimed the buccaneer. "It is bold fellows of your stripe that make my lads so powerful in all they undertake, and I don't doubt that when a merchant ship heaves in sight again and we run the black flag up you will be as ready as anybody here to wield cutlass, pike and pistol for booty. It's a gay life, mate; a gallant life, and we owe no man obedience. We are a world to ourselves. Here is my hand, and—Mockrod, hither!"

A slender young fellow with a smooth face, dark red hair and foppish attire, but with a reckless and cruel face, approached.

"My lieutenant, John Mockrod," Duke explained. "You will, of course, obey him as you would me. Your mates among the crew you will get acquainted with in due form. Jolly fellows, they are!"

Barron cast a brief glance forward to where the hybrid, battle-scarred, ferocious gang of ruffians lounged in their places and silently reserved the privilege of judging the party at his own estimate. Violence and murder walked there without even the redeeming quality Duke had claimed for them. Jollity and riotous living were not synonymous traits.

He had not spoken for Zorr Rogel, and that man had his turn. Being asked to join he expressed a physical weakness at sight of blood, even that of a slain fowl; but Duke cut him short with angry emphasis that looked to Barron to be genuine. Seeing this, and being anxious not to lose one who seemed to be his sole friend aboard, Barron spoke for him, and as Rogel yielded, he was formally accepted.

He would have been less anxious as to Rogel had he seen that gentleman and Duke exchange a secret smile when his eyes were presently averted.

Thus began the new chapter in Barron's life. Checked in his effort to reach Australia, he was in a pirate ship and classed as one of her crew. Always a law-abiding man, he would now be expected, when a helpless merchant vessel was overhauled, to wield weapons to assist in butchering her hands. It was a sickening situation, but the most pressing need was to save his own life, and he had done it. After that—what? He did not know; he could not unroll the future save as leaf by leaf.

For some reason, possibly because he was a newcomer, he had been assigned to a humble station, it being that of cook's mate. This made his duty chiefly with the pots and kettles in the galley. Benito, the chief cook, was sometimes a man of few words, but he never attempted to shift too much of his duty upon his assistant, and Barron boiled and stewed the eatables under an indulgent superior.

Rogel had been sent before the mast, so their association was less than if they had been watchmates, but there was chance enough to speak together when they wished, and Rogel at first conducted himself well. With the crew that gentleman was even more agreeable. As a teller of stories, (and as a singer of stirring songs he excelled, and it was a rare sight to see him holding all hands about him in the dog watches as he poured out a musical offering in his rich baritone voice. A hail fellow was Mr. Rogel.

Late in his first day in the schooner Barron had a surprise. Benito had been giving him some preliminary instruction in the galley, the supper hour being hard upon them, and they had briefly stepped outside when, as the new recruit's gaze wandered aft, he saw that object he had least anticipated seeing aboard the free-booter ship.

A woman was there.

A woman, young, tall and handsomely proportioned, a woman clad in a judicious combination of scarlet and gray, a woman fair of face and rarely gifted by nature in the essentials of her sex.

Barron was dumfounded, for his first impression that she was a captive vanished as he realized that she was composedly walking by Captain Duke's side as he paced the deck. After a long look he turned to Benito.

"I did not expect to see a woman here," he remarked.

"She is here," the cook quietly replied.

"Who is she?"

"The Queen."

"Our captain's wife?"

"Yes."

"A rough place for a woman."

Benito broke into a chuckle in great amusement.

"Don't worry about the Queen," he answered. "No man here loves the life better than she. She adores the sea, our ship, our captain, and the rattle and roar of battle. She is a better man than either of us."

"Piper has made a secret bargain as to you."

"Has she been here long?"

"A year or so. Taken off of a ship we sacked. When the captain asked her to stay with us she didn't say no. Did she? Why, she took to our ways like a hearty man, and she loves the free life. Ay, and when we get our fill of fight from some stout vessel, the Queen takes a light sword she possesses and hews away at the foe like one of us. Life of me, there is no other woman like the Queen!"

Benito had been drawn out of his taciturnity by enthusiasm, but when a few more questions developed the fact that the cook knew no more of the woman than he had seen with his own eyes, Barron let the subject drop. He could not, however, avoid an occasional glance her way, and, looking more closely, he was prepared to believe Benito's description.

Beautiful the woman was, but the face was reckless, and, at times, a hardened expression settled thereon that told of a wayward heart and unfeeling nature.

Never while in the ship did Barron speak with her, but she was often referred to in his presence. All hands among the men admired her, and he was of the opinion that John Mockrod was more than an admirer. The mate now and then glanced her way as if he wished she was his, not Captain Duke's, but the big captain showed no sign of jealousy.

Presently, on this occasion, the cook and his assistant re-entered the galley to prepare supper. As they did so Benito lifted a book that lay at one side.

"You read Italian?" he asked.

"No," Barron replied.

"Sorry. This a noble book. It is called 'The Great Men of Italy.' They are all set down here. Got the book from a wreck a few months ago, and as nobody else can read it that cares for reading, I have had it all to myself. Now to cook!"

It was Barron's first hour in the galley, but not the last. Being doomed by unkind fate and unkinder Captain Duke to the employment, he did his tasks well. Boiling and stewing, he saw to it that the food was properly prepared, and as it was the best found ship he had ever sailed in, even the forecastle hands reveled in good dishes.

Barron, wronged heir, soldier, military prisoner, avenger and peaceable sea passenger by turns, now gave all his visible attention to pots, kettles, bread-barges, pannikins and the like, but while his hands labored in the galley his mind went far adrift from the Sweeping Broom.

Not for a moment did he weaken in the ruling passion of his life. He was determined to escape from the schooner at first opportunity, be the risk ever so great, and then make his way to Sydney. A wo'ee seemed ever calling to him from the bush, and he heard and swore to answer. Come what might his days in the pirate craft should be short.

It was an odd pair that worked in the galley. Benito was taciturn but contented, while his mate was silent, somber and filled with passionate remonstrance against the decrees of fortune. Of this he said nothing, but his feelings were all the more intense because repressed.

Four days passed. The morning of the fifth had dawned when Barron went on deck and found some excitement there. All hands were looking beyond the larboard bulwark, and as he imitated their example he saw a black dot on the sky-line that he readily interpreted in part. It was not land, and must be one of a limited number of other things. He turned to the nearest man with a question.

"What is it?"

"The lookout reports a boat, and that's what my eyes say."

"What more?"

"Too early to tell."

With the little craft so far away it was surely too early, but Barron had become interested. He did not know the latitude or longitude, but was certain that the nearest land was many miles away. Nobody would be at that point in a boat unless stress of circumstances, and an idea had come to him quickly.

What if the boat was one from the lost Royal Oak?

The pirates were sailing a course direct for the black dot, and as they did not shift their helm each knot that was covered was taking them nearer. Barron was not certain that he was glad. Survivors from the merchantman might die miserably if left in an open boat, but perhaps that fate was better than to fall into the hands of the freebooters.

Benito called him to the galley, and he was obliged to give attention to his usual duties, but, working, he thought of the dark spot off their bows. Who was living of the crew and passengers of the Royal Oak? Perhaps nobody, but as the sea had been calm, chances favored their temporary escape if they had even a slender keel under their feet.

Often since the coming to the deck of the Sweeping Broom he had remembered his fellow passengers, and, more than anybody else, he had remembered Miriam Lee. Somehow, immersed as he was in his private troubles, he had, nevertheless, found a degree of comfort and pleasure in her company that had been appreciated more fully since he last saw her than before. Now, boiling and brewing, he found her face floating before him in imagination, and he fervently hoped she had escaped from the sinking merchantman and from later perils and distress.

By the time breakfast was prepared the boat was far more than a dot. The sky-line showed well off her stern, and it was to be seen that she was sparsely filled with men and women. The sight gave Barron a sickening dread.

What if Miriam was there? What if she was about to be brought to the horrors of the buccaneer ship? She would be a willing companion for pirates as Captain Duke's wife had been. What then? Helpless, she would be a victim of a cruel fate.

He again lost sight of the boat as he retired with Benito to wash the dishes, but when he had finished he heard the hail that announced the proximity of the boat. He hurried from the galley and found that the Sweeping Broom was barely under way, brought to for a definite purpose. Words were spoken from the deck and answers came from the small craft, but Barron heard nothing. He was intent upon looking, and he saw.

Seven persons were in the boat, and three of them he quickly recognized. They were Mark Piper, his wife, and Miriam. The remaining four were sailors who pulled the boat.

At another time it would have been pleasant to note that all were evidently in good physical condition, but his heart was the heaviest of any in either party.

Miriam was come to the pirate deck!

Barron overheard Duke say that the men at the oars would just about bring his crew up to a full complement, so it was easy to understand why he had backed his topmast, but the assistant cook was in a fever of anger and dread. Better for the girl, he felt, that she had been left prey to the sea. Even then he would have shouted and warned the party as to the character of the ship, but it was too late. If they refused to come aboard it would be like Duke to fire a shotted gun and blow the boat to pieces.

The Royal Oak sailors pulled under the counter, and presently the ex-passengers were handed up the waiting ladder. Mrs. Piper was first, and next came Miriam. Barron saw her sweep the deck with a worried glance and then try to fall back, but Piper pressed hard upon her, alert and smiling, and as much at home as if he owned the schooner. Adversity had not quelled his urbanity and flow of spirits, and possibly he did not see the death's-head and cross-bones on the front of Duke's coat.

The captain bore a half-surly expression, as if he did not wholly like something in the arrival, but Piper swooped down upon him, grasped his hand and stood shaking that member with ardor. It was as if he, not Duke, was doing the welcoming. Meanwhile, Duke scowled at his familiarity.

Barron stood well back and was not observed, but he saw everything. He marked Miriam's shrinking and sudden pallor, the stupid indifference of the other woman, and Piper's serenity. That man's smile broadened rather than faded, yet he had taken a perceptible glance at the cutthroat crew. Seeing, he must have read them for what they were.

In a few minutes all of the party were on deck, their boat was cast loose, and men were aloft getting steerage-way upon the schooner again. By that time Duke and Piper had finished some sort

of conversation that Barron could not overhear, and the captain escorted his guests below.

Miriam was the same as a captive in the pirate ship.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TREASURE MAP.

Half an hour later Piper and Captain Duke came on deck and, with the rescused man leading, gained the most retired part of the after region. The pirate looked surly and, as it were, rebellious, but his companion was affable, easy and smiling. Standing together Piper began to speak, while Barron, remembering his ability to impress most persons, watched anxiously. Was there a possibility that he could move Duke to mercy, either by argument or bribery?

Watching, Barron soon saw Duke start and look hard at his companion, but he did not interrupt, and Piper's words flowed on steadily. Then the captain's face suddenly assumed a strangely friendly expression, and he reached out his big hand. He and his prisoner crossed palms as warmly as if one had not been a pirate and the other an honest man of means.

Astonished, Barron still watched, and he saw them stand long in conversation. Duke had lost his surly mood wholly, and he gave close attention while Piper's words continued. Finally, too, both grew animated, and they fell to laughing as each added further speech in a manner really gay.

The condition was so strange that Barron was unable to account for it to his satisfaction. In the past Piper had been able to impress everybody except him, and to win favorable consideration, but it was remarkable that a buccaneer should fall victim to the spell of suavity and rippling speech.

Conversation was beginning to lag a little when Piper suddenly looked out over the starboard quarter and then upward at the sails. He spoke, and then Duke looked as he had done, after which he nodded sharply. Here was something Barron could understand, and as he surveyed the heavens he saw in the unnatural, brazen hue that was creeping up the sky every promise of coming wind, or something worse.

Once more it had been Piper, the amateur, that first detected the threatening signs, and his striking sea gift was emphasized.

Yet Barron did not warm toward him, although he might well have presented himself for recognition from the august gentleman he kept back and rested under the impression that his sometime fellow passenger had not discovered him. Afterward, he doubted the correctness of his belief.

Piper soon went below, and Barron strolled into the galley. He found Benito there, leaning back on his seat and fast asleep. His nap had nearly cost him dear, for the book that he treasured so much, and which he had clearly been reading, had fallen from his grasp and rested hard by the still hot fire. That is had not caught in flame was a fortunate chance, and as it was still in some danger Barron picked it up, finding it very warm.

He half-mechanically opened it at random, and though the printed Italian words were wholly unintelligible, he scanned page after page with the careless attention of one who tries to pass an idle moment. He was thus occupied when his indifference vanished abruptly. He found something more than foggy words.

Midway in the volume, where an account of some historical celebrity ended, the printer had left a page two-thirds blank. Somebody else had filled in the space in another manner.

On that page the looker found the name of Clayton Barron.

His father's name, and above it was a hand-made chart.

It was a rather neat little map. The greater part of the original white was still that color, and far-reaching, bold characters announced it as the Indian Ocean. Well to the side marked "South" were three incised spaces with irregular outlines, each of which was put down as an island, their names being respectively Burford's, Kelwin's and Torrento Islands. Only one of the number was known to Barron, who remembered seeing the second of the three on Captain Ray's nautical chart of the outlying waters. He recalled it as a mere peck of land, and the two now associated with it were doubtless smaller.

From Kelwin to Torrento extended a dotted line, with this inscription along the dots: "Twelve leagues due southeast."

Barron had briefly passed his father's name by and, studying the chart, absorbed each detail rapidly. But it was at Torrento that he met the astonishing part of his marine discovery. Across the face of Torrento was a single word: "Treasure!"

Clayton Barron's son stood in wonder, bewilderment and rapt attention. He remembered the tale that his father had tried to fit out an expedition to the Indian Ocean to secure treasure from an island there. Now came this map.

But how? Clayton Barron's name occupied a position similar to that of an artist who places his name at the foot of his painting. It would seem, then, that Clayton Barron had traced the map, but there was a check to the theory. Once before, while Benito was poring over his valued Italian book in a leisure hour, he had turned each and every page, explaining to his assistant in general terms what was there. To gain his good will the assistant had looked, and he had seen no sign of the map; indeed, he was ready to swear it had been there two days before.

What then? Barron went swiftly to a conclusion. His father was a member of the pirate crew at that moment, and he had lately traced the map.

The theory was convincing for the moment, but while he looked he made another startling discovery. The lines of the map were fading upon the paper, and gradually growing dim. This looked like witchcraft, and the evidence of his eyes was doubted, but the change went on steadily and his discovery bade fair to be blotted out.

It was something that must not be lost, and he quickly drew paper and pencil from his pocket and as hurriedly made a tolerably faithful copy, only omitting the word "treasure" and the name at the foot. With this done he was content to see the markings vanish, but their coming and going so mystified him that it was several minutes later when a theory came to him.

He had heard of so-called invisible ink, although it was not really ink; something that could be used for writing and, yet would leave no mark when dry until it was exposed to strong heat, which would bring out color. He had the impression that such inks, once brought out, retained their color, but there was no known reason why some of them would not relapse into nothing when deprived of the heat that had given them birth.

This writing, he mentally argued, might have been made years before, perhaps in the days when his father was in London, seeking to raise the expedition to hunt for treasure. The belief lodged firmly in his mind that his father had made the chart, but his powers of reason halted there.

How had it come to the Indian Ocean? By the time that Benito awakened the map was practically gone, faded away, and he was ready to seek for light.

"I have been looking at your book," he said quietly. "You must be quite a scholar. I suppose that when you are in port you seize the chance to visit bookstores and buy your fill. Did you get this volume in Sydney or Cape Town?"

"Did I?" retorted the cook, with a touch of sarcasm. "Why, man, although we go to lonely coves to trade our plunder to our faithful shore allies, the Sweeping Broom calls at no port bigger than a flee-track, and rarely at the smallest village. Too risky! Perhaps once a year we have some need and try a shore hamlet, always ready to jump and run again; but for myself, I've not been ashore in inhabited parts in years. As for that book, I think I told you I got it from a wreck."

"So you did. A wrecked ship, eh? Victim of a gale?"

"Neither of the Sweeping Broom," replied, Benito, chuckling.

"Oh! a prize, eh? An Italian ship, I suppose?"

"I don't think so, though I can't say positively. That brigantine was a disappointment to us free-livers. She was in ballast. Not a yard of fabric nor a valuable cask of anything in her—simply a lot of food, together with some odds and ends. Small crew, too, but mighty plucky. Fought us until every man was killed."

"But her papers should tell where she was from, or lacking papers her log would——"

"Bah! Captain Duke never bothers about such things. He don't care a fig where she came from. He wants plunder."

"You have the book."

"I picked it up in the cabin of the stranger."

"And," asked Barron, forcing a smile, "was that the only plunder?"

"All, except food."

"Maybe that vessel was the one that the Royal Oak was wrecked upon."

"No. We buccaneers rarely leave a craft to float and tell tales against us. That vessel—the Setting Sun—you have previously thought wrecked the Royal Oak had her dose of fire started below, but before we were out of sight there was reason to believe the fire had died out. Not so with the Ursa Major."

"The Ursa Major?"

"Yes, the brigantine I'm telling you about. It was from her I took this book. She got her fire and she took it briskly, so she was a roaring furnace before we had dropped her astern on the sky-line."

Barron asked other questions, trying to bring out all possible points, but the rest amounted to but little. He had heard what the cook knew, but matters were left greatly befogged.

How had the volume come aboard the Ursa Major?

The other points were duly considered. Convinced now, that his father had been the map-maker, he tried to find his way to light. As he had understood it, the projected treasure-expedition had not only never left London but had never been actually formed. Before Clayton Barron had secured his financial support he had been arrested under the unjust charge, sent to Australia as a convict, and thus buried alive, as far as personal human activity was concerned.

But the map?

Then the conviction swept upon Reese Barron that the allies his father had tried to enlist had acted after his conviction, and made the voyage to the Indian Ocean after the treasure, thus dealing in base treachery. Against this theory was the fact that Clayton would naturally keep his secret in part until he was sure of his allies, and that he had gone so far as to make his chart indefinite. How, then, could it be read and used? Would outsiders be told of the exact spot on the island where the treasure was, or of the marked page and the invisible ink? Decidedly not!

"The treasure is still on the island!" was Barron's final decision. "Nobody has got it, and it awaits a searcher. I will get away from here, find my father, and then the two of us will seek for it."

From that moment, with this scheme in mind, Torrento Island became a powerful magnet, and he was passionately eager to escape from the Sweeping Broom.

Subsequently, he took another look at the page where the map had been, but it had faded away to mere white paper.

It was four bells in the afternoon watch when, as he stood near the waist of the schooner, he saw Piper advancing aft with a beaming smile on his round, ruddy face, and with his eyes fixed upon his sometime fellow passenger. A tardy greeting was at hand, but the young man did not covet it. Piper was walking the deck as uncurbed as he had that of the Royal Oak, and to the old dislike was now added sudden suspicion. It was the way of all pirates to murder everybody not of use to them, yet here was Piper, a man no longer young, and, one would say, too much burdened with flesh to go aloft, as free as the freest regular inmate of the ship.

A chubby hand was stretched out toward Barron, and he forced back his dislike and met the man with fictitious calmness and a degree of friendly animation.

"My dear Mr. Barron," said the favored one, "this is a delightful discovery. After all we have endured, after shipwreck, suffering and loss from each other's sight, to see you is charming. You live! I am very glad!"

The chubby hand was pressing that of the American, and the latter found it no lifeless grasp. Within the mass of fat were muscles of steel-like strength, and as they contracted they gave a measure of pain to the object of this cordiality.

"Your words are appreciated, Mr. Piper," was the reply, "but I should feel more cheerful if others of the passengers and crew of the old Royal Oak were in sight. Surely, those in this ship are not the sole survivors?"

"As to that I can say nothing positively," returned Piper, with his fadeless smile, "but I hope for the best. My own boat was lowered and filled systematically—I gave my humble aid—and we should have left the fatal spot packed had not the suction caught us and practically overturned us. As we rested on our beam-ends men and women slid back into the water, and a distressful scene followed. To be brief, few survived."

"Only seven persons?"

"Only seven!" and, though Mr. Piper still smiled, he sighed softly. "I hope for something better as to the other boats, which was commanded by Captain Ray. I think all went well with it. Also, I know that some of the sailors had been busy with the long-boat, trying to free her from her chocks, and I labor under the impression that, at the last moment, she floated free, and that many lives were saved by taking to her ample support. My boat was separated from the others in the darkness, and—but you have seen that we came to this schooner safely. My dear Mr. Barron, we are in strange company!"

"Very strange!"

"It is decidedly annoying, but I hope for the best. I have been busy since arriving here. What, sir, do you think I have been doing?"

CHAPTER X.

WARNED OF DANGER.

The point referred to was just that upon which Barron desired light, and he met the questioner halfway.

"I've been trying to bribe the pirate captain," Piper explained.

"Bribe him?" Barron repeated.

"To let us go free. Now, Mrs. Piper, Miss Lee and myself are either by nature or age illy fitted to act as sailors, and I have placed my bank account on the scales to overbalance our dubious value, plus the admitted value of yourself, Zorr Rogel, Eli Dodd, and the other sailors from the Royal Oak. In brief, I have been trying to get Captain Duke to set all of us ashore, for which I agree to pay him a cash sum that has acted upon his cupidity."

"Do I understand that he has agreed?"

"He balks, at present, at this difficulty—to carry out the bargain I must get to Sydney, draw money, meet Duke somewhere and pay him the stipulated amount. That will necessarily take him into dangerous waters, and as I might, were I dishonest, set a warship upon him,

LUCKY MISTAKE

Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.:

"A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake.

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning, I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully.

"It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage.

"My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum.

"Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum.

"She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert.

"Her nerves, which had become shattered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is a new woman, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Good Reason.

Mrs. Youngwood (boastingly)—I may not be much of a cook, but my husband has never yet twitted me about the better cakes and pies his mother used to make.

Mrs. Keene—No, dear; his father used to run a bakery.

Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 118 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Imaginary Treasure.

"When I was a boy I used to think there was a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow."

"And now?"

"I have turned my attention from rainbows to mining stocks."

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS OPEN.

Any of our readers wishing a government position should send postal immediately to Franklin Institute, Dept. M-79, Rochester, N. Y., for full list of positions open. This list shows the salaries, the duties and tells how to get the positions.

Stretching It a Bit.

Laborer—And hav' they tall buildings in America, Pat?

Pat—Tall buildings hav' they—faith, Mike, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass.—Life.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roundness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 401, Blairsville, Pa.

A Good Catch.

"Anything worth catching in that lake?"

"Yes; I see several heiresses in bathing, and there may be more around the bend."

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

The Test.

Diogenes was searching for an honest man.

"He will advertise that his summer resort has mosquitoes," explained the sage—New York Sun.

he must trust to my good faith. Naturally, it is a deal to expect of him, since men of his class estimate the trustworthiness of others from a low plane. He promises a decision soon."

"If, sir, you can ransom me, I will make it a leading purpose of my life to pay you back the sum named as my ransom," declared Barron.

"I have no doubt of it, my dear Mr. Barron, but it would be the same if you were penniless and always to remain so. My offer covers the humblest, most poverty-stricken sailor from the Royal Oak, as well as yourself and Rogel."

It was expansively said, and perhaps he should have believed, but the hearer doubted. He remembered the warm hand-shaking between Piper and Duke after a few words had passed between them, their hearty association since that time, and the free going of Piper in the pirate craft, and suspicion clouded Barron's consideration of the news.

Yet, it was not a time for friction, and he said his part during the remainder of the brief conversation. He thanked his companion for trying to ransom him, but believed that he might himself as well toss a small coin into the sea and hope for escape because of its going.

Insincerity lurked back of Piper's fair words and pledges.

When that gentleman walked back aft he went with his face to windward, from which quarter a growing breeze was coming steadily, irritating the water into white caps and breasting the sails of the schooner into hardness. Straight to Duke went Piper, and then he eyed the sails and motioned, with the buccaneer for a respectful listener.

Whence came the rich man's wide knowledge of the sea and of the handling of vessels? His explanation that he had yachted in all the waters of the globe had always lacked something of convincing Barron, and with the new distrust upon him he grew more doubtful. If he had once been a mariner, either in the cabin or before the mast, why was he reluctant to confess the fact? Did pride stand in the way, or—

Barron started with a new idea. Why had Duke greeted the man so warmly? The new suspicion was an ugly one, but it swept him with its power. Had the bland, amiable, wealthy Mr. Piper once been a freebooter himself?

Ten minutes he wrestled with the problem, and then his mind turned another way as Mrs. Piper and Miss Lee came on deck. The former was as much at ease as when aboard the Royal Oak, but Miriam's face was wan, anxious and pale. It seemed that she knew where to find Barron, and she sent a glance his way, following it with a faint smile and a bow. He answered in kind, but dared not cross the line that separated the crew from the after deck. It would not do to anger Captain Duke, and the place of the cook's assistant was before the mast.

Piper brought chairs and the ladies sat down, two of the three at once becoming as easy as the jerky lifting of the schooner before the running sea would permit. In the talk that followed Miriam had small share, and ever and anon her gaze wandered to Barron. Even at that distance he read something he could not interpret fully—something more than worry, something wistful and, at times, eager, and he believed she wished for speech with him.

Yet, he hoped she would not venture to pass before the mast. All the danger in the dreadful ship did not lie in the heavy cannon that frowned ready to blow some hapless merchantman into eternity.

Mockrod, the mate, then had the watch, but after a time Captain Duke came on deck with his wife on his arm. The Queen was dressed showily, richly, and her beauty was emphasized, but she bore herself with haughtiness, and did not glance at Piper and his party. That gentleman raised his hat, but kept his place.

Possibly the Queen was not so well disposed as her husband.

Barron, watching, chanced to catch Mockrod in the field of his eye. That person was scanning the darkening sky and the now-straining masts at times, as if considering just when it would be advisable to shorten sail, but his gaze wandered and alighted upon his captain's wife. Then his eyes lighted strangely, he stared oddly, wrestled with himself, perhaps, and quickly turned to his duty.

That brief period, however, had confirmed Barron's impression that the lieutenant cared more for the Queen than Duke would have liked.

In the hours that followed the wind grew into a half-gale, and the vexed sea pounded hard against the larboard beam of the schooner. Sail had been reduced and nothing material done, so she was running under a light spread of canvas. Despite this the vessel heeled to starboard sharply, and weird noises met listening ears as masts and blocks creaked and groaned under the strain, while the wind whistled keenly through the cordage.

Dusk was falling when Barron suddenely found Ell Dodd by his side. This was not singular, for all four sailors from the Royal Oak had chosen joining the pirate crew rather than walk the plank, and as the American had several times enjoyed sociable conversation with the hardy Englishman in former days he hailed his coming gladly.

"Just a word, sir," said Ell hurriedly. "I dare not stay long. This is an awful mess we are in."

"Right, Ell. What's to be done?"

"My mates say, make the best on't. I tell them the best is to desert ship."

"Do you see your way clear?"

"Not now, sir, but I'll live and die in this tub of sin I won't. At first chance I slip my cable from hereabouts."

"There is no chance now."

"Not a bit. We are in for a howling gale that I'll make my affidavit on; and no man is fool enough to jump into a wide sea at any time. Still, bolt I shall when I can, and I want a mate. My comrades say wait a month and get suspicion quieted down, but I say seize the first chance. Sir, show me a patch of land the size of a topsail and I'll go over the rail like a lump o' fickle love and swim for it."

"And you want a mate in such a venture?" questioned Barron eagerly.

"Yes."

"I'm your man!"

"Good! I never was made for a long while alone on a barren island or uninhabited coast, but give me one man like you and it's a go. Let that be our scheme. Still, we can't plan much for it, for we must sight the land—or a warship—before we take to the drink."

"We will both watch."

"So we will. Say, what sort of an old hulk is that man Piper?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why is he so blamed thick with Captain Duke? Has he been a pirate himself sometime?"

"Have you any reason for thinking that?"

"Only the fact that he has Duke as sweet on him as a fok'sle mate. Is that the way of a pirate chief, usually? Not any, sir!" and the stout sailor softly smote his hip by way of emphasis.

"Frankly, I am also suspicious of Piper, but I know little more than you. If he brings any tale to you let me hear of it."

"That I will, sir, but trust his chubbiness to forget a poor jack like me. Take it on the quiet, but if that little boat of ours had been rightly managed when the Royal Oak sunk there would more have lived to tell the story. We were nipped by the suction and beam-ended, so lots were tossed into the sea, but Piper ordered us to pull away a bit, and we thought it was one of our own officers and pulled. Oh! that blooming Piper knew all that his low, jolly life was made safe, but he yanked the cup o' life away from others who were pitching about in the water. I'll tell you more sometime, but I reckon it's hardly prudent for us to linger together longer. Say it again, sir—we are to be mates in a try for escape?"

"Mates in the try, Ell, and for life or death!"

"We will win. I've got the feeling that way."

With this the sailor slipped back into the gloom and the conversation was ended. To a less desperate man a vague plan when the ship was in mid-ocean would have meant nothing, but Barron was so wrapped up in his thirst to escape that he put higher estimate on the matter. Of all the persons who had gone in the Royal Oak when she was afloat nobody else would have pleased him better for a companion in a hazardous venture than Ell. The alliance was encouraging, and he only awaited the right night and hour.

Meanwhile the elements were adding to their power. The whole sky was now storm-ridden, and black as the pirate's flag, and out of the belching north howled the bitter wind that heaved the water south in pounding seas. Two men were at the wheel, and he at the weather helm found himself with biting pains as the need of the hour twisted his swelling muscles. It was almost impossible to hold her up to it, and even with a stiff helm she was making leeway steadily. Every sail had been brought to the yards that it could be hoisted without losing steerage-way, but the send of the seas could not be mastered.

Few vessels were more staunch that the Sweeping Broom, and her crew were satisfied that she would ride the gale out blithely, yet all things were possible with the fierce seas hammering the beam and vaulting over the rail. Death ever rides in the crest of a furious gale.

Reese Barron, as cook's assistant, was not supposed to do any duty outside of his regular station, and he turned in at the usual hour. Lying half-dressed he put his personal affairs as much aside as possible, and, as his nerves were good, listened for a time to the thunder of the seas outside and the complaints of the timbers in the grave of a furious gale.

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Morning brought no visible change in the situation. Wind and water held their edge, rain was falling heavily, and the outboard lay palled in clouds that hung so low one might fancy a black cloak had been flung over the schooner.

And they still ran before the gale.

Barron's work took him three times a day to the cabin to aid the steward in preparations for the meals in that quarter, and he went as usual on this occasion, holding his sea legs with difficulty. The cabin showed dim in the light that had burned all through the night, and he saw that he was ahead of the steward. He was about to go and summon the delinquent when he was surprised to see Miriam appear from a stateroom. There was evidence that the violence of the tempest had worried her harshly, perhaps wholly deprived her of sleep; but when she made for Barron as steadily as the lurching schooner would allow no words of fear from that source were spoken.

She put out her hands to him and he caught and held them fast.

"Oh! Mr. Barron!" she whispered, "do you know where we are—in this dreadful ship?"

"We surely are with Captain Duke," he admitted, "but—"

"What will happen to you?" she interrupted feverishly.

"To me? I have been thinking of you—"

"Do not worry about me. Mr. Piper has arranged it all. He, his wife and I are to be set ashore at a safe spot when we can make the Australian coast. He will pay Duke for doing it."

"So he told me."

"Did he say how many he was to ransom?"

"All that came from the Royal Oak."

"Don't believe it!" she cried quickly, "I know better than you. Only we three will be saved in this way, and any talk about others is false. They will be left with the pirates. I heard Piper say as much to his wife, who approved of it in her usual, half-understanding way. But, Mr. Barron, there is more—there is something about you that I don't understand. Piper has made a secret bargain with Duke but to you. I fear for you!"

Barron looked at her critically. She was wrought up, and he suspected that she imagined a part of what she asserted. While he studied upon this point she added in her previous tone:

"Have you given offense to Duke?"

"Not knowingly, and he has been urbane enough to me."

"I am sure, very sure, that there has been talk between him and Piper that you are to be killed very soon, actually butchered. Oh! that man Piper! I have grown so afraid of him. I fear him, I fear him! Can it be that my talking with you aboard the Royal Oak has spurred him on to this?"

Barron heard in bewilderment, but before he could ask for explanation a key clicked in a lock and Miriam ran quickly back into her room. Then Captain Duke came hastily forth from his own quarters.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Dazzling Schemes.

(Continued from page three.)

become a loyal and peace-loving citizen.

"This is not a mere theory, but a fact—so well established that it is hardly necessary to repeat it. It is the difference in the diet of the two that makes the tiger the terror of the jungle and gives to the lamb its gentle, harmless nature. You may tame the tiger, but your safety demands that it be kept in a cage. He is built of the material that calls for blood. So with the revolutionist. You can't reform him, and if you put him in a cage, others will take his place. There is only one way to suppress him—and that is to **build him over.** That can only be done by changing the structural units of his physical being, and this can only be done by changing his diet. The man who lives on flesh puts into his blood the desire to kill. Like produces like, and all the moralizing and philosophy you can muster will not change the course of nature. The articles of food in all the South American countries have been such as to produce a race of malcontents, revolutionists and pirates! Venezuela consumes enough beef every year to raise an army of revolutionists, and I learn that Guadalayara is not far behind it. I have come to your country on a mission that ought to bring a solution of this problem. I represent an enterprise that is a potent factor in bringing about a condition for the betterment of your republic. It is for the production of a line of pure cereal foods that not only brings health wherever they are used, but we are growing to be an a moral agent and for the pacification of the malcontent, the revolutionist and anarchist. Change the food and nature will do the rest. Once the cereal and breakfast foods produced by the Great American Breakfast Food Company are introduced into your country the first step toward permanent peace and contentment will have been established. This is the scientific solution to the problem. Every other method that has been tried has met with failure, and so it will continue to meet with failure. Prison bars and the gallows are but the weapons of barbarism. Violence in any form but fans the flame of revolution. The remedy lies in a nation's food. That food is what our company proposes to furnish. It will help you to establish permanent peace, and it will make the people more healthful and content. What we want is your endorsement and help, and I guarantee that our company will stand by you in this struggle to the last ditch."

It was evident that the president was moved by the words of his visitor, yet he was slightly mystified.

"While I may not have caught all you intended to convey," he said, thoughtfully, "yet there is something logical in your reasoning that appeals to me."

"Of course it does—it can't help it," assured Bobby. "I should have been ashamed to have come to you with a mere theory—a man of your eminent position, learning and statesmanship. I realize the sort of fiber it requires in a man to grapple with problems with which you are constantly confronted. Were I in your place, I should probably be in the bughouse—er—I mean, in a state of mental collapse," Bobby hurried to explain. "I know you will grasp the vital points of this proposition and realize what it means to yourself and the republic."

"I am sure I do," declared the president, "and I welcome you to Guadalayara. You people of the great republic of the North are full of strange and startling ideas and amazing enterprises, and while we hesitate, bewildered and dazed, your theories become successes."

"A thousand thanks for your generous compliment," exclaimed Bobby. "But I do not want you to think that we are not conscious of our own shortcomings, nor unmindful of the greatness of your own people. We have many faults—among which is the commercializing of everything we touch, and it is not strange that we should have had bestowed upon us the title of "The Great American Hog." I bow to the reproof. In the Latin race we see a strange condition that is the direct antithesis of my own countrymen They live either in the past, care-free, exhaling the perfume of romance, cherishing impossible ideals, or else they are discontented, turbulent revolutionists. If we could exchange some of commercialism for a breath of the perfume of romance of your people, who knows but we might both be the better? The day is coming and near at hand when this will be done, and a union will be the glory of each New World."

"Your words fill me with hope for the future," cried the president, grasping Bobby's hands impulsively. "I shall hail your coming as the sign of great things to come, and believe me, I shall always regard you as a friend to myself and my country."

This dramatic story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

An Advantage.

"Gee! these two-apartment buildings are great things!" said the first tramp. "I always call on the folks in the upper one."

"Why?" asked the second.

"They never have any grass or wood to cut before they'll give you anything to eat."

Take Off The Fat Where It Shows

Most women suffer much humiliation and inconvenience, especially during the hot summer months, because of great quantities of fat, located that, no matter how they dress, everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the season and the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but men when they see a fat woman pass them on the street make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unmanly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. Hot weather dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenomenal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat on the body at the rate of from 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless in hot as well as cool weather and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, 1238 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Ben Sheldon's Love;

Or, A SCOUT OF THE PLAINS

By Ella Martin

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CHAPTER XI.

THE INTRUDER.

FOR several moments Jack Dutton and Myrtle Wayne stood clinging to each other, not quite sure whether the sound from below was in the cavern or made by some one outside who was seeking admittance.

"Perhaps," whispered Jack, "there are others who occupy rooms in the hermit's lodging house besides ourselves and Ben—that is, if it was Ben. I am not so sure. Some adventurer or outlaw may be domiciled here, and we have intruded."

"Oh, what shall we do?" Myrtle whispered back, clinging to him in her fright. "Listen! Was that the stone swinging back to its place? Let us hide."

"Perhaps it is Ben returned for some purpose. We might as well stay and face it out, for if it is a stranger he will know by the store of provisions that some one puts up here, and he will search till he finds us. Whoever it is we have as good a right as he to this hiding-place."

"Hush! Some one is coming!"

"Let him come! We are both armed, and whoever it is, friend or foe, there is only one of him. But how did any one become acquainted with the secret of the opening?"

There was no time for an answer to this, if Myrtle had been able to give one, for the intruder upon their privacy was in the room and advancing upon them from the shadows. For they stood in the circle of light cast from the torch stuck in a crevice of the wall.

They could not see the newcomer until he stepped into the radius of light, and then Myrtle gave a gasp of terror. For into full view, arrayed in all the trappings of a warrior-chief, stepped their formidable foe, Wind-that-Blows.

After the first little gasp, as if her breath had suddenly gone from her, Myrtle was perfectly calm, stunned or dazed into fearlessness for she could not grasp all that the appearance of this personage might mean to them, just at first.

For a moment no one spoke; there seemed nothing to be said. The chief knew perfectly well why Myrtle and Jack were together, and why they were there in hiding. And Jack knew that Wind-that-Blows was in search of them, and for what purpose.

"Well, now that you have found us," Jack said, finally, "what are we all going to do about it?"

"Huh!" said the Indian chief. "What are you going to do about it? Nothing! What will the two-faced, false-tongued maiden of the white race do about it? Nothing, either. It is I, Wind-that-Blows, chief of the tribe of my father, who will do what shall be done. What that will be I know not yet, but I will decide when I have called my young men in council."

"Well," drawled Jack, with an easy assurance, that matched the other's supreme conceit and lofty, overbearing manner, "I think we will have something to say about it also. We are free to do as we please, and I think we are smart enough to keep out of your toils hereafter.

"You are my brother, and I would keep at peace with you if you will let me. I have done no wrong, I simply took what was my own," inclining his head toward the girl at his side. "I went to you for assistance, I asked you to help me marry the woman I love. You agreed. But instead, you kept her prisoner intending to make her your own wife. So I took her away. That was fair. She was willing to come, though from fear of you she said otherwise."

The chief turned his piercing eyes upon the shrinking girl.

"Why did the white maiden speak falsely, and with two tongues?" he demanded.

"I was frightened," replied Myrtle. "I was afraid you would not let me go, if I chose Jack, whom I love. And I knew there would be trouble between you if you refused. I had to make him believe I wanted to stay. I almost believed it myself while I was so angry with him for wanting to marry me when I wanted to be let alone. I meant no harm, and I hope you will forgive me. What would the great chief want with a poor little white girl like me? One of the dusky maidens of your own tribe would make you a better wife, and would love you. What would you want with me?"

"I am half white," replied the chief. "I want a wife who is white, that my children may be like Jack here, who is my half-brother."

Afterward, long afterward, Myrtle laughed heartily at the reply she made him, which was given then without the ghost of a smile, or any feeling of humor back of it, for that matter.

"Oh, what could you want with children like Jack? Why, he is neither Indian nor white man! He has no race to which he belongs, and cannot call himself red or white!"

"Humph!" replied the chief.

There was no apparent reason why he should argue the question as to his future progeny, and how little Indian blood there would be in his descendants generations hence, provided they married into the white race, until they eventually became all white. But that was the end he had in view—an ambition inspired by the white blood he had inherited.

"We will fight," he said instead, laying his hand on the helve of his tomahawk, "which lives shall take white girl."

He ignored Myrtle and her desires and arguments, and looked steadily at Jack Dutton, a ferocious gleam in his eyes.

"Not so," replied that worthy. "I am your brother; I will not fight you. The white maiden must choose."

"The white girl is many-sided and speaks with two tongues. She shall not choose, but she shall be the slave-wife of Wind-that-Blows, when his wrath has blown strong upon his paleface brother, who has stolen her from his village."

"They go, my people, to take revenge!"

"Not if I know it, she don't," said Jack off-handedly.

"He didn't steal me," Myrtle said, earnestly. "I ran away, and he found me in the woods, and I got him to help me."

"What was he doing in the woods?" the chief demanded, knowing well that Jack was there bent on the recovery of his sweetheart.

"We will fight for the woman," he added, addressing Jack, "like white men fight."

"No," replied Jack, again, and drawing his revolver from his belt, he flung it on the floor behind him. "See, I am disarmed, I will not fight my own flesh and blood. You are my own mother's son; it was not her fault nor yours that you had an Indian father. We will settle this affair some other way. Your white blood will not let you attack an unarmed man."

But there was enough red blood in Jack Dutton to make him dishonest enough to keep a weapon still about him, while declaring himself unarmed. He had discarded his firearms, but he still had his hunting knife, concealed beneath his coat. Perhaps it was but caution that caused him to retain a weapon unknown to his foe, for he could not be sure there was honor enough about Wind-that-Blows to restrain him from attacking an unarmed man.

The position Jack had taken in answer to his proposal to fight seemed to anger the chief, who by birth and bringing-up was used to savage customs, and he sprang forward, his eyes fierce and shining, his hand upon his hatchet. But quick as he had been Myrtle was even quicker. The revolver Jack had flung behind him was in her hand, her finger was on the trigger and the shining barrel thrust into his face before he could draw the tomahawk from his belt. And Myrtle was in earnest—very much so. She had seen in imagination Jack slain, and herself once more at the mercy of his half-breed brother. She was a veritable little savage herself at the moment, more angry than either of these men, despite their Indian blood.

"Stop, you heathen! stop, I say! or I will shoot! Take one step more, and I will shoot you full of holes. Back, I say!" And she stamped her foot in rage.

The savage chief had needed no bidding of this sort, he had already receded till her proximity seemed not so dangerous. He could not know that Myrtle had never held a revolver in her hands before. His hand dropped from the tomahawk he was about to draw. His face was a picture of terror and chagrin.

Jack stood spellbound, thinking what a little fury she was, but did not attempt to restrain her.

"Wind-that-Blows will not hurt a squaw," said the chief, with dignity, taking defeat as gracefully as possible.

"No, I don't think you will!" stormed Myrtle, "simply because you are not able. I won't give you a chance, you thieving redskin—for you are a thief; you stole me from the woods—or your men did—and you are a redskin, if you do claim to be half white! I don't believe you are Jack's brother! And I don't believe he is part Indian! Jack, disarm him while I keep him covered. If he resists I will shoot ten holes into him!"

But Wind-that-Blows did not wait for ten holes from a six-barreled revolver to be shot into him. He turned and fled. And his undignified flight down the rudely-hewn steps of the slope was followed by Myrtle's mocking laughter, which stung the Indian chief like a whip, and caused him to vow vengeance.

As for Jack, he was convulsed with laughter, silent and deep. Forgetful of what the consequences of Myrtle's action might be, her ridiculous attitude aroused his sense of humor. At the same time he wondered if his scalp would be safe if she married him—he was not so sure she ever would. She might change her mind and wed the chief, after all.

"Jack, is this thing loaded?" he heard her say, and it brought him out of his musing. "I am afraid it is," she added. "Mercy! I wouldn't have touched it even to save your life, if I had known it. Is it?"

"Most certainly. And I wonder it didn't go off, the reckless way in which you fingered the trigger. There was a very good reason why it didn't, though. It wasn't cocked. I knew it all the time, but I saw the chief was too excited to notice the difference, provided he could tell the difference."

"But you said you were out of ammunition."

"Except for what is in the gun, I am."

"I wish it had gone off, no matter whom it hit. I would like to have heard it sounding and resounding through this many-roomed cavern."

"Myrtle, despite my Indian blood, I believe your scalp would be safer than mine if I married you."

"If you married me! Do you intend to back out, then? Just when I have lost the chief? By the way, has he really gone—left the cave, I mean? I forgot to listen for the stone to roll back."

"I think he must have," replied Jack. "I am sure I should have, had I been in his place. But he will never forgive you for his weakness in fleeing from a squaw."

"Let us go down and see if he has gone. Here take the weapon that barks. You can do the bluffing, after this."

"No, you keep it, Myrtle. You handle it admirably. The fact that it didn't go off proves it."

"You mean it proves it wasn't cocked. Well, I'll see to that next time, now that I know it needs to be. And you have your knife. I knew you had it all the time, and I wasn't afraid for you. But I didn't want you two brothers to fight on my account, and have my conscience troubling me ever afterward."

"Have you a conscience?" Jack asked, and then began to wither up under the fiery glance she gave him. But she deigned no reply.

"There, I hear the door swing back! He has gone!"

"And now, dear, have you thought what comes next? We can't stay here longer. In some manner the chief has learned how to gain access to this place, and he will return with his warriors and take us prisoners. Your temper can't frighten away the whole tribe, for they must obey their chieftain, even though they face an uncocked pistol to do it. I shall be burnt at the stake, probably, and you will be made wife and slave of the chief."

"And as you saw him tonight in all his habiliments of war, so you will see his whole tribe. For they have gone on the warpath, and not one of the emigrants—not even Ben, perhaps—will be left to tell the story. Only you, who may some day find an opportunity to escape with white people who pass this place on their way to the frontier."

The girl's face blanched, for she saw her companion was in earnest.

"Then I will keep the pistol," she said, "with its six bullets, one to put an end to your sufferings, if they torture you, one to kill the chief, your brother, and the rest for myself.

"But let us fasten the stone so no one can get in here," she added. "There is a way, I have heard Ben describe it."

They hurried down the notched incline, Jack fearing she would stumble and fall at every step.

"Have a care, Myrtle! these notches are not a very good imitation of steps, according to my opinion. Wait till I cast the light upon them. Better let me go ahead."

But Myrtle was light-footed and managed it well enough till she reached the bottom; then chance came to her rescue; for here, just where she would least expect to fall, she stumbled and went down like a shot. It was also a lucky thing for Jack that he stooped instantly to catch her, for at that moment something whizzed over their heads and fell with a ringing sound upon the stone, and then came rolling, thumping down the steps.

Both were startled into inaction for a second. Then Jack, who still held the torch, picked up the instrument and found it to be a tomahawk. They quickly grasped the situation. Wind-that-Blows had not left the cavern, but as a subterfuge had rolled the boulder open and shut with a view to deceiving them into the belief that he was gone. And meanwhile he had waited in the darkness to assassinate one or both of them.

Jack's indignation leaped into being like a shot, and in the feeling of kinship he had had toward this man-savage fled on the instant. He would fight him now, and if he slew him he should have no regrets. He placed the torch in Myrtle's hands, and drawing his knife prepared to meet his foe and hers.

"Hold the light where we can see," he said coolly, "but do not shoot while I live. After that defend yourself, and do not spare him. Ben will rescue you before the provisions have given out."

Jack knew that his enemy had only a knife like himself, and he meant to meet him in a hand-to-hand conflict, as the latter had proposed in the first place. A few feet farther they went, and then the light shone on the stern, evil countenance of the halfbreed chief.

Myrtle uttered no word of remon-

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GENTLE JABS.

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A secret isn't a secret if a woman hesitates in telling it.

It doesn't take a very clever woman to make a man make a fool of himself.

As a man says, perhaps it should be—but as his wife says, it will be.

Enthusiasm doesn't amount to much unless there is plenty of hustle back of it.

An old bachelor is a man who never met the woman he couldn't live without.

Answer a fool according to his folly and he will think that you are in his class.

Matrimony is the postgraduate course of a woman's education. And a man's.

The world doesn't care if a man is short on brains provided he is long on money.

What has become of the old fashioned spinster who used to envy married women?

It is difficult to convince a married woman that kindness will subdue all savage beasts.

Some men are such chilly propositions that you couldn't warm them up with a live wire.

It isn't proper for a girl to sit on a young man's knee without first obtaining his permission.

It takes a college professor to tell people how to do the things that he is unable to do himself.

The average man is as proud of his opinions as he is of his honor, his honesty, or even his pedigree.

When a woman believes everything that her husband tells her it's a sign they haven't been married long.

When a man begins by saying, "Of course it's none of my business, but ——" he is getting ready to butt in.

The man who gives up before he is licked is twice conquered—once by himself and once by the other fellow.

More mothers would want their sons to be ministers if they were not afraid it might prevent them from becoming President.

And people who do as they please seem to get along just about as well as those who are always trying to please others.

(Continued from page seven.)

strance, but held the light aloft that Jack might have the benefit of its glow. For she saw now the danger of letting the savage chief escape to inform the Indians of their hiding place. Even Ben, the scout, could not come to their rescue through scores of furious savages. Once indeed, she thought of firing before the fight began, lest Jack should come to harm; but fair fight was what the chief had proposed in the first place, and it was what Jack contemplated now, so she obeyed him.

"Defend yourself!" cried Jack Dutton, leaping forward, as he beheld the chief. "No tie of blood will save you now, you sneaking assassin!"

The two men clenched and Myrtle stood and watched them, almost paralyzed with fear, her limbs trembling beneath her, and her hands shaking so that she could hardly hold the torch. But she made no sound, only she determined if Jack was killed to shoot his slayer without parley and without mercy.

Over and over the two men rolled upon the rock bottom of the cave, each trying to get the upper hand. And now one was upon his feet. Then suddenly she heard the clang of a knife upon the stone and knew that one of them was disarmed, and at the other's mercy. She made up her mind if it proved to be Jack whose weapon was wrested from him that she would shoot his enemy before he had time to strike. Her pistol was cocked and leveled, and she was about to step forward to take aim, if need be, when the glow of the torch died down, and all she could see in the smoky atmosphere was a dim figure with upraised arm, about to strike. But she could not tell whether the victor was Jack or the half-breed chief.

Oh, if the light would but burn brightly again for just one moment!

"Jack!" she cried in a voice of agony. "Are you vanquished? Speak!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUGITIVES.

Before an answer could be given to the agonized appeal, the prostrate form on the floor bounded up and straight toward the exit.

Myrtle heard the stone grating as it rolled back, and knew that one or the other had escaped. Was it Jack Dutton? Had he deserted her, leaving her alone with the desperate halfbreed Indian? She could not tell, though she still held in her hand the dying torch.

"Speak!" she cried again. "Is it you, Jack?"

"Yes, dear! The battle is over, and the two men who fought each other's life so determinedly, have come off without a scratch."

He spoke with disgust and sarcasm.

"I might have killed him while he lay there at my mercy," he went on, "and I presume I shall wish I had before we are out of this scrape."

He placed his knife in his belt, picked up the tomahawk, and then went to the chamber above, taking Myrtle with him. They wrapped up a small portion of the food Ben, the Scout, had placed there for his own need, and then left the cave.

"This is no longer a safe hiding place for us," he said. "We must try to overtake the movers."

Without ascending to the level they made their way around the bend in the mountain, in the direction the cavern had taken.

"We will keep higher up on the mountainside than the redskins will expect," Jack explained. "They will look for us to descend to the plain in order to follow the trail of the emigrants. We must step on stones and grass wherever possible so as to leave no trail. By taking this short cut over the mountainside we will eventually come opposite the emigrant camp, and will descend upon it as a surprise. For of course, they will be encamped somewhere around the bend waiting for the scout to find us."

Myrtle let him talk, knowing he was doing it to reassure her; and that he, like herself, had no idea what would become of them.

The journey was tiresome and perilous, but neither murmured or let the other see the discouragement each felt. But with a tender solicitude for his companion's frailer constitution, Jack led her through the tangled growth that covered the mountainside, taking a downward trend after the bend in the range had been traversed.

All was silent in the wood, with no sign of pursuers. Perhaps the chief thought they were still inside the cavern, not daring to come forth for fear of running afoul of his warriors.

"He will expect us to stay there, waiting to be rescued by the scout," he told Myrtle, "and he will have the place watched that Ben also may be captured when he comes to look for us. We must find the scout first and save him from that danger. The chief does not believe we will venture outside, and he will wait till he has starved us out."

"Speaking of starving," Myrtle said, "reminds me that I am nearly in that condition at the present moment."

"Then we will lunch right here. Wait till I have found a spot sufficiently sheltered from observation to be safe. Ah, here is the very place."

A tangled mass of vine-covered bushes drooping over a large boulder, left a sheltered place within beside the great stone. Here they might escape from the hot rays of the sun, while they rested and ate their lunch. And from this thicket they could peep forth on all sides and discern any foe that might be approaching.

Myrtle sank down upon a smaller stone and leaned wearily against the great boulder, grateful for the coolness of the shelter and the chance to rest awhile. A weary sigh escaped her that at once attracted Jack's attention.

"Poor, little girl!" he murmured. "You are tired, and you shall rest right here till tomorrow morning. We may not find another spot as safe as this in which to spend the night."

"Oh, I shall be rested in a short time. We mustn't linger by the way, we must reach the wagons as soon as ever we can so that they can continue their journey. Ben will not be hampered then, and can be with the caravan where he belongs, and where he is needed.

"It is my opinion that Wind-that-Blows will waste no time watching the cave. He will know that we will hasten to rejoin the movers, and when he attacks them, as he intends to do, we will again be at his mercy. He knows the scout is searching for us, and that our party is waiting till he finds us, and he will give us time to catch up with them before he begins the attack. In returning to the emigrants we are running straight into the arms of our deadly enemy—Wind-that-Blows. And his wrath will blow upon us and destroy us utterly and without mercy. Better for us, no doubt, if we perish of hunger here in the mountains."

"It looks as though you were right," Jack answered. "But we belong with the emigrants, we cast in our lot with theirs, and that they may not be hampered, we must rejoin them. We will share their fate whatever it is."

After they had rested a few minutes in the cool shade of the vines, they partook sparingly of the food they had brought with them. Though the fugitives did not know it they were not so far from the wagons at that moment. For a little farther on was the cave of Nekoosa where the emigrants meant to camp that night.

"I am rested now," said the girl, after an hour had elapsed, "and I think we had better move on again. It may be we can overtake the rest of the party before nightfall."

"Hist!" warned Jack, placing his hand on her arm; and together they listened intently. He had heard a sound or imagined it—a sound of subdued voices in the timber not far away. And while they listened and watched, a savage came into view, stalking cautiously toward their hiding place—then another, and another and still others—so many that the two were nearly paralyzed with fright.

They had no chance at all against this band of redskins if they should be discovered, and so they almost ceased breathing lest the sound betray them.

The red men came on in single file, so silent and cautious that the slightest noise might have been heard by them if either of the two in hiding had been incautious enough to have made a sound. To tell the truth, Myrtle had not strength enough to even gasp for breath, she was nearly unconscious from terror. And Jack Dutton, man though he was, knowing Myrtle's safety as well as his own, depended on their not being discovered, was nearly in the same condition.

He held the young girl's hand in a clasp that was almost painful, and in itself enough to make her cry out, and that was probably the only thing that kept her from swooning outright.

It was not until the leader of the line of savages had passed their hiding place, and they saw that they were likely to remain undiscovered, that the blood began to ebb slowly back to the hearts and brains of our two friends.

Were they going to escape discovery, after all? Where was the intuition of these children of the wood—of Nature—if it gave them no warning of the presence of others—a presence hidden, but to be felt by a fine organism. But the stolid, savage nature lacked this sixth sense, and Indian after Indian filed past, looking neither to the right nor the left, till all had gone by, and to their delight our friends found themselves alone and unmolested.

They had not thought to count the numbers. What use, anyway? There were enough, and more than enough, to have taken them captives had they dreamed of their presence there.

"Jack!" whispered Myrtle, after the last redskin had disappeared from sight in the stunted timber. "Are we safe, do you think?" And the whisper could not have been heard above the slightest breeze, but it caught his ear.

"Yes, darling; but let us wait a few minutes till we are sure they will not return."

"Jack, they are going straight toward where we came from, and they have just come from the direction the caravan must have taken. What does it mean? Are they returning from a massacre of the emigrants? I saw no scalps, nor any looks of triumph; instead, they looked determined, and on vengeance bent. They were armed with knives and hatchets but they were not painted. Could it be they were on the warpath?"

"They have not had time to reach the movers and return, even by a short-cut over the mountainside," replied Jack. "If I mistake not, these savages belong to another tribe, and are making straight toward the village of Wind-that Blows, who unfortunately for them is prepared for war. However, they may have encountered the rest of our party and annihilated it. Let us hasten! These savages may mean a new danger to us."

But youth is strangely buoyant, and the moment the tension of the present fear was removed by the passing of the final redskin, their spirits began to revive. It is easy to believe, when one is young and hopeful, that everything will come out all right in the end. And so, after scanning the immediate vicinity to

(Continued on page nineteen.)

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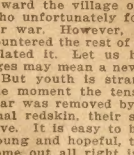

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Famous Ghost Stories:

OUR LAST WALK

By Hugh Conway

IF I wished to tell a love tale, I should begin this with the sweetest memories of my life, and relate when and where Walter Linton and I first met; should describe my pride and happiness when I knew that he wished me to become his wife. The love we bore each other through life—ay, even after life—may be made manifest as I write these lines, but it is not because I loved him I have this tale to tell. Other women have loved as I love, and have mourned as I mourn; my life, so far as the joy and grief of it go, is but the life of thousands.

Had Walter Linton, when first he asked me for the heart which was already his own, been but a poor, struggling man, I should have given him all as freely as I did then. If need had been, I could have waited patiently for years, or until fortune smiled upon him. Feeling this, I had no false sentiment as to sharing the worldly good that was his, although I was a penniless girl and brought nothing in my hands. Of course, kind friends around wondered why Walter did not choose a wife who would bring him wealth as well as love. Ah, no one could have given him more love than I could give him; that was all he wanted or asked for. He was twenty-three, and his own master; I was twenty, and utterly alone in this world. So we were married—just six weeks after that happy spring day on which he told me I was dearest to him.

Our home—a dear gray old house, full of pleasant corners—was Draycot Hall, Somersetshire, not far from the Mendip Hills. Walter had recently inherited the house and the estate of Draycot, and when we took possession of our kingdom, which was almost as new to Walter as it was to me, life seemed to hold all that could be desired. Walter's income was sufficient for the life of a quiet country gentleman—a life to which he settled down, and appeared to find every wish gratified in that happy existence. Shooting, fishing, and hunting gave him plenty of amusement, and the land, part of which he farmed himself, brought occupation and interest enough to make him feel that his life was not altogether an idle or useless one.

Then, to make our happiness complete, the children came—a girl, then one, two, three bonny boys. How merry and busy the old house grew with them, the sturdy rogues! How proud Walter was of them!

We were not very rich people. Compared to that of some of our country neighbors, our income was insignificant. Draycot Hall, although not such an imposing pile as the name might suggest, was by no means a small house; and like all rambling old places, cost a good deal of money to keep up. Even when we began life together we found, at the end of the year, that our expenditure and income nearly tallied, and as expenses increased with an increasing family, we felt that a few hundreds added to our revenue would be a very welcome addition. But in spite of this our lot was too happy for us to think of grumbling.

We sat one summer's evening on the lawn. The air was cooled by late fallen rain, and sweet with fragrance rising from the freshened flowers—for days were long and petals not yet closed. Our latest given child slept on my knee; and, as we watched the sun sink slowly down behind the Mendip Hills, my husband said:

"Helena, how shall we manage to start all these boys in life?"

I laughed at such a distant obligation. We were still young, and it seemed that so many years must pass before the baby on my knee would want a starting hand. I kissed the child's little white fingers.

"Why, Walter," I said, "you are looking a long, long way into the future."

"Yes, my girl; but days happy as ours pass very quickly. It will not seem so long before we shall be obliged to think about it. What shall we do then? We save no money even now, you know. By-and-by we must send these babies to school; after that they will want money to help them on in professions. How are we to do all this? Our income won't increase."

"We must try and economize," I answered, impressed by the really serious view he took.

"But how? As it is, we can scarcely make both ends meet. I am afraid I am selfish in living as I do. I have serious thought of going into some business and trying to make a fortune."

I begged, beseeched him to dismiss the wild idea. Were we not happy enough with all we now possessed? Why change our mode of life, which was so peaceful and sweet? Besides, in my heart of hearts I doubted if my good, easy-going Walter was quite fitted for a commercial career. He kissed me as I pleaded eloquently for a continuation of our present happiness, and for a time the subject dropped.

Yet I could see, from remarks he now and again made, that the thought lingered

"Hand in hand down the broad garden path."

in his mind, and I began to fear lest, some day, he might put it into practical shape, when the anxieties attendant on money-making or money-losing might be ours.

It was some months after our conversation that old Reuben Dyke, a well-known character in the village of Draycot, came to the Hall. He wanted to see the master on important business, he said. This old Reuben was the greatest gossip of the place—the ale-house oracle—meddler in every one's business, and unsolicited adviser-in-general to the little world around him. He was a great authority among the villagers, many of whom would have backed his opinion against the united wisdom of a Daniel and a Solomon. His talk and broad Somerset accent always amused us, and, it may be, insured him a better reception than his virtues merited.

Today he entered the room with an indescribable look of mystery and secrecy on his shrewd old face. He carefully closed the door after him and bade us a respectful good-day. Then, drawing quite close to us, he spoke in guarded whispers.

"I be jest come, zur, to tell 'ee as ther' have a-bin a chap a straytin' at the Blue Boar vor the last two or dree days. Mebby, zur, as you've a zeed un about—a darkish, picket-noased zort of a chap."

"Yes, I saw him," answered Walter. "What about him?"

"Now, look here, zur. None o' we couldn't at vust miake out what a wer' up to. He yent one o' them outrides, you zee. He werdn't lookin' aater shopkippers. He were a ferretin' about aater land. Zo we up and ax'd un what a farm a wer' aater, or if a did want to buy any land hereabouts? He laughed and zed, zes he, 'We be gwain to make a raailroad right up droo theese yer valley.' 'Zes I, 'I hoap my head won't yache till we do get a raillwaay on Mendip, vor that is a devilish poor country.' 'True,' zes he; 'but there be a lot o' coal in his mind, and I began to fear lest, some day, he might put it into practical shape, when the anxieties attendant on money-making or money-losing might be ours.

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After this important communication, Reuben bowed himself out; retiring probably to the kitchen, in order that he might regale himself with meat and drink and our servants with the latest village gossip. Walter and I sat digesting his news.

"I wonder if there can be any truth in it," said Walter. "I'll go down tomorrow and see that fellow at the inn, and ask him point-blank about it."

But on the morrow the fellow at the inn was there no longer. He had departed and left no address. The landlord only knew him as plain Mr. Smith. We never saw or heard of him again—whatever his errand may have been, it

(Continued on page twelve.)

Successful Treatment of Hay-Fever

The demand for Dr. Hayes' book describing the new and successful method of relieving and curing Asthma and Hay-Fever has been so great that a new edition of one hundred thousand has just been put to press and will be ready in a few days. Dr. Hayes is distributing the book free to all sufferers and if you want a copy send a two-cent stamp with name and address at once to P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin U-112. Reports from cases treated the past few years show that the disease does not return.

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Bill—I gave de only millionaire in dis town his first start in life.
Jim—How's dat?
Bill—Wid a bent pin at school.

Almost a Good Show.

"A man from Arena came to the city to visit his son," said Mr. Montgomery. "After dinner the son said to his father: 'Dad, let's take in a good show.'

"The old man was on in a minute. He meant a regular show, not knowing that his son was addicted to the picture show habit. They dropped into one of the big theaters uptown which has been turned over to the films and took seats in the last row. Three reels had been run off when the youngster turned to the old man. 'How do you like it?' he asked.

"'Aw,' said the old gentleman, 'it's a good show, I reckon. But we're sitting so far back I can't hear the actors speak.'"

Wanted to Be Sociable.

A regiment of soldiers were in camp and a young Scottish recruit was put on sentry outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent and said to the young man in a stern and loud voice:

"Who are you?"

The young man turned round smartly and said:

"Fine! oo's yersel'?"

Gentle Reminder.

It was midnight. The man had entered the house as quietly as possible. His shoes made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take your boots off when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute!"

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead, he went straight out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house!" he said; "it reminds me of home."

Not So Marvelous a Feat.

"I tell ye what it is, Silas," said Uncle Mose Peavey, as he and the letter carrier sat together near the stove in the postoffice discussing things in general, "old Squire Dunkley's a-bustin' good shot with a rifle. Ye can talk all ye please about these glass-ball shooters and your various champeen shots down to the city, but there ain't many on 'em can shoot in the same day with the squire. He kin hit a dollar throwed into the air at fifty yards nine times out o' ten."

"Yes, I reckon he kin," said Silas, pulling strenuously away on his corncob, and asphyxiating the rest of the gathering, "but what if he kin? After all, Mose, you know as well as I do that a dollar looks ten times bigger to old Squire Dunkley than it does to most o' the rest on us."

No Need for That.

A minister, in an address to other ministers, once said that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," he said, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that."

Not Serious.

Sweltering Passenger (on railroad train)—This window sticks so I can't get it up.

Conductor—Yes. Wood is swollen a little by the rain. It'll be all right in a few days.

TICKLISH

Cruel Apologist.

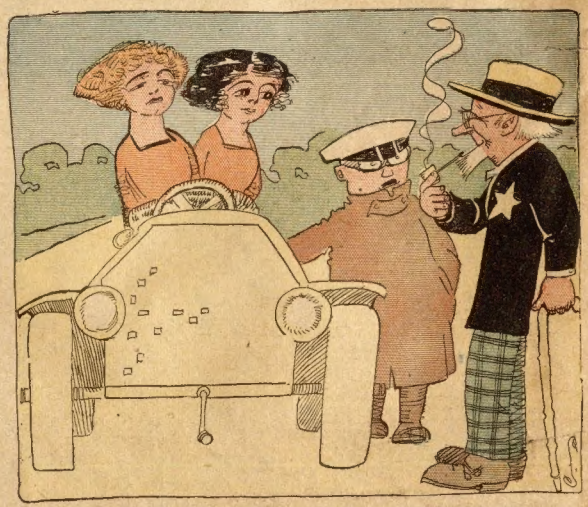
"Mr. Billings takes himself very seriously," said the critical young woman.

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "you can't blame him. To be thrown into a cruel world with no more brains than he possesses would be a serious matter for anybody."

He Meant Well.

Lady—I must ask you to take back that parrot I bought some time ago. He shocks all my friends by his dreadful language.

Fancier—Ah, you've got to be careful 'ow you talk before 'im. 'E's terrible quick to learn.



Constable Botts—I hate t'arrest this auter party, but it's got t' be did.
Autoist—Why, man?
Constable Botts—We wanter have a picture taken of our new jail full of well dressed folks.

Wife—This is a good old world after all.
Husband—Hum! What scandal have you heard now?

To Be Trusted.

Many a dull case was enlivened by the late Lord Young of the Scottish bench. One of his best remarks was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance: "My client, my lord, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of some waterworks." The judge answered: "Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

Mr Gotrox—No, young man, my daughter can never be yours.
Reggie—I beg pardon. I don't want her to be my daughter—I want her to be my wife.

Wanted to Know.

Tommy had been taken to church for the first time, and there was much about it that interested him. It was just before the sermon that his curiosity got the better of his silence.

"Muvver," he whispered.

"Hush, dear," said his mother. "Wait until church is over."

"But, muvver, I want to know sumpin," said Tommy.

"Well, you must wait, dear," said his mother.

"I'm afraid, I'll fordet muvver," he pleaded.

"Very well, then, what is it?" said the good lady bending down to catch the little chap's words.

"What does dat minister wear his nightgown for. Ain't he got any pyjamas?" asked Tommy.

One at a Time.

One evening the public house parrot was missing. Search was made and at length it was discovered in the middle of a field surrounded by crows, which were steadily plucking out its feather. As the rescuers approached the now half naked bird was heard to call out: "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; if you'll only wait you'll all be served."

A Judge.

"A man who sells tickets gets to be a great judge of human nature," said the railway employe.

"Yes," replied the person who occasionally travels, "but he ought not always to act as if he were about to pass sentence."

Merry Minstrels.

Interlocutor—Well, Bones, what has become of our friend Johnson? I haven't seen him lately

Bones—Johnson? Oh, he's got a fine job.

Interlocutor—Is it hard labor?

Bones—No, indeedy, sah. Johnson works wif his head.

Interlocutor—Is that possible? What is he, a bookkeeper?

Bones—No, sah. He works for a carnival man an' uses his head to poke through a canvas and dodge de balls.

Shifting the Blame.

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if you hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."

Fell Into It.

"I fell into some valuable property yesterday," said the aviator.

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes; I went through the skylight of a million dollar office building."

Logical Opposition.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, advocating woman suffrage in New York, said:

"I have never heard in all my life a single syllable of logical opposition to woman suffrage. The average opposition is neither better nor worse than the argument of a certain carter.

"'Ah,' he growled, 'wot would women do with a vote if they had it? Contrary criters! Why, if I says to my old woman, 'Gimme liver and bacon for dinner,' do I get it? Naw! I get tripe and onions.'"

A Friend of His.

"Didn't I give you a piece of pie last week?"

"Yessum, dat was fer a friend o' mine."

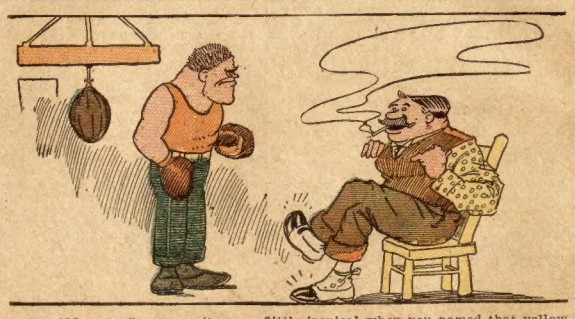
"Absurd!"

"Sure enough it was, lady. See de crepe on me sleeve?"

Seemed to Pay Well.

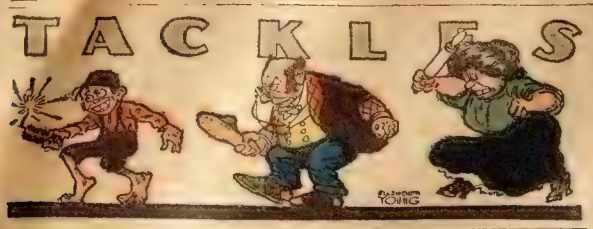
Ted—I hear he's giving a lecture on "How to Live on Fifteen Cents a Day." Is he doing well with it?

Ned—Fine. I met him in a restaurant after the lecture and he was eating a two dollar dinner.



Mr. Oldsport—Say, weren't you a little ironical when you named that yellow counterfeit pup of yours the Thunderbolt?

The Manager—Not any, pardner. You see, when he talks fight he thunders something awful and when you show him a fight he bolts.



Remarkable Effect.

J. Adam Bede gained such a reputation for telling funny ones when he was a member of Congress from Minnesota that his constituents finally voted to keep him home so they could hear them and laugh, too

"Beastly weather you've got," said Mr. Bede, "bad for getting round, especially for hobble-skirt women. That reminds me. Saw Senator Stone and General Wood just now getting off a car. Just as they got off one of those hobble-skirt girls got on. The effect on the Senator and the General was somewhat remarkable. Stone turned to Wood and Wood turned to Stone. Then both turned to rubber."

Madge—Would you call her beautiful?
Grace—No; I'd whisper it.

A Good Cigar Wasted.

"Do you know what time the next train will pass through here going north?" asked a man who had been compelled to stay over night in a small town in Arkansas.

"There will be one in about twenty minutes," replied the ticket agent.

"Bully! Do you smoke?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Here's a cigar that I bought in Dallas, Texas. You can't get anything like it in this town. I think you'll enjoy it. They charge seventeen cents apiece by the thousand for that brand."

"Thanks. I'm afraid it may spoil my taste, but I'll take a chance on it, just the same."

"Say, can you fix me out with a lower berth for St. Louis?"

"I can telegraph to have one reserved for you on the train that passes through here at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"No, no; I want to go on the train that's coming now. Can't you fix me out on that one?"

"Nope. I'm very sorry I can't do it."

"Oh, come on! you can arrange it some way."

"No, it's impossible."

"Well, I'll have to fix it with the conductor, then, I suppose."

"You won't be able to get a berth from him."

"I won't, eh! You watch me. There's a sleeper on the train, isn't there?"

"No."

"What! No sleeper? What kind of trains do you run on this line, anyhow?"

"Well, this one that is coming is a freight train."

Necessary.

"He says his wife jumped on him with both feet."

"She had to or not jump."

"How so?"

"She wears a hobble."

Logical Theology.

A negro known as "One-Eyed" Walling was, and probably is now, a preacher in Virginia. His ideas of theology and human nature were often very original, as the following anecdote may prove.

A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday:

"Walling, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove that, I'd like to know?"

"Well, sah, did you ebber read in de Bible how de seben debbles were cast out 'er Mary Magdalene?"

"O, yes, I've heard of that; but what does that prove?"

"Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?" and the old man assumed a wise look.

"No, I never did."

"Well, den, sah, de odders has sure got 'em yit!"

Would Be if Living.

A credulous man was the census enumerator.

When Brawney, the blacksmith, declared he was 60, he believed him, despite the blacksmith's robust appearance, for robust blacksmiths seldom show their age.

When Susan, the spinster, declared she was 23, he believed her also, despite her crownmarks and graying hairs, for spinsters do not care to show their age, either.

But when Isaac, the idiot, wrote the figures 120 under the heading "Father, if living," the census enumerator rubbed his nose doubtfully, and thought this was a little too much.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you father is really 120 years old?"

"No, o' course 'e ain't!" retorted Isaac complacently. "But 'e would 'a' been if livin'."

Traveling Salesman—Is there a stationery store in this town, sir?
Station Agent—Well, most of 'em is stationary until the next cyclone blows 'em off, pard.

The Guest—How do I know you can tell mushrooms from toadstools?
Pa Wacker—I'm alive, ain't I?

Mistress—Did you wash Fido as I told you?
Maid (proudly)—Yes'm; an' starched him.

Too Harsh With Him.

Along a country road walked a man and woman. The latter, a gaunt, stern-faced female, was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged just in front of her with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman, turning, saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She quickly took refuge in the hedge, but her companion, unconscious of aught but his woes, kept on his way.

The bull caught up to him and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch, then continued on its wild career. As the wobegone figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better half coming toward him. Plucking up a little spirit, he whimpered:

"M—M—Maria, if you hit me like that a-g-g-gain you'll really get my temper up, so I warn ye."

Watched.

"No, Herbert," whispered the maid, "you mustn't put your arm around me. We are watched."

Herbert looked around the dimly lighted parlor.

"O, yes," he smiled. "I see there's a rubber plant at the other end of the room."

"Sh! There's another one that you don't see. Johnny's hiding there!"

Of Two Evils.

Redd—I notice some of these cheap cigar store wooden Indians have tomahawks in their hands and others offer a bunch of cigars.

Greene—Well, take my advice and choose the tomahawk. You'll get over it sooner.

Not Going That Way.

"Miss Adkins, there is something I desire very much to ask you."

"Oh, Mr. Williston—I mean Fred—I'm sure I should be delighted to hear—that is, I mean, what is there that you can possibly wish to ask me?"

"Would you be willing to go on a long journey with me?"

"A very, very long journey, Fred?"

"Yes, a very, very long journey."

"Yes, I will go with you—of course, I—I suppose it is the journey that a man and a woman take together only once in a lifetime?"

"Well, as a rule, I suppose it wouldn't be taken more than once. You see, my mother and I are thinking of taking a trip to Japan, and she thought it would be nice if I could find some one who would be willing to go as a sort of traveling companion and a maid to her in return for having her expenses paid."

"Oh! Well, you just tell your homely mother that when I wish to hire out I'll look for some other kind of a job."

Financial Opinion.

"Did you say that the Japanese were short of money?" said young Mrs. Torkins.

"That is supposed to be the case."

"Well, I don't see how it can be, considering the prices they charge for their bric-a-brac."

An Old Story.

"She tells me that theirs is a platonic love. What does that mean, hubby?"

"Means that we'll have to dig up for a wedding present in about two months."

Financial Genius.

"Do you think there is any such thing as financial genius?"

"I am sure there is. I know a young man who has it in a marked degree. After he had persuaded the beautiful daughter of one of our most prominent jewelers to become his wife, he went around and induced the old man to let him have an engagement ring at the cost price."

"I don't see any indication of remarkable financial genius about that."

"Wait. When he and the girl broke their engagement he took the ring back to her father and got him to pay 8 per cent interest on the money that had been invested."

The Ready Explainer.

"What did you think of my graduation essay?" inquired the young woman.

"It was a profoundly thoughtful address," replied Senator Sorghum.

"But I saw you yawn."

"A tribute to its quality. It was so profoundly thoughtful I imagined for a moment that I was in the halls of legislation."

Announcer (county fair)—The next event will be a professional sack race for girls.

Visitor—What do you mean by professional?

Announcer—Those who have been wearing hobble skirts.

Our Last Walk.

(Continued from page nine.)

was not revealed to us; but, nevertheless, old Reuben's conjecture as to the object of his sojourn at the Blue Boar quite unsettled Walter's mind. The thought that untold wealth might be lying under our very feet was always present to it, and at last he resolved to employ experts who were competent to give an opinion on the matter, and settle our hopes and doubts.

So, very soon, we were visited by Capt. Thomas Davies, of Aberfelleg, and Capt. Davies Thomas, of Cwmtygwyn, two gentlemen whose strangely accented English, redundant with such words as "Inteet to goodness," was a source of great amusement and enjoyment to each of us. They inspected, diagnosed, experimented, and then reported. My poor dear love! shall I ever forget your excitement, your joy, as we perused together that glowing joint production? What wealth you dreamed of and counted up! Not, I know, that you wished for riches for your own sake—it was for the sake of wife and children that the desire of acquiring a large fortune obtained such a hold on you. Ah me! how certain, how clear and straightforward it all seemed! Had not the mining captains calculated, with an accuracy that seemed infallible, every ton of coal that lay hidden beneath our green fields? Did not their figures prove beyond dispute the profit each ton raised must bring? After every contingency had been guarded against, what road like Aladdin's wealth lay waiting for us to stoop down, take, and enjoy. Why should we not do so?

Then other gentlemen came to our quiet home—legal gentlemen—gentlemen who were called financiers—gentlemen learned, very learned, it seemed to me, in acreages, crops, and soils. Old safes were unlocked, old plans and musty deeds extracted from their recesses. I heard the word "Mortgage" frequently; and Walter told me he had resolved to share his promised wealth with no one. He would work the projected mines solely on his own account; but, in order to begin operations, money was needful; so he had arranged with the two financial gentlemen, Messrs. Leach and Vincent, of Bristol, that such sums of money as were necessary should be advanced to him upon the security of his estate. And the gentlemen applauded Walter's courageous resolution, and everything went so pleasantly.

Then the digging began!

Oh, how I hated it! From the very first I hated it! Not only did it spoil one of our prettiest fields—the one where the children gathered earliest cowslips—but it brought strange faces and rough forms to the quiet, sleepy little village. Men and women of a very different type to that of laborers round about. Slatternly women and strong, surly men who knew not the traditions of the land. Men who were supposed to beat their wives once a week, and who, we knew, played havoc with our neighbors' costly preserves. Men who worked hard—very hard—and insisted upon that work being highly paid for—who spent so large a portion of those hard-earned wages in drink, that the landlords of the opposition village inns actually shook hands in their unexpected prosperity; whilst our kind, old, easy-going rector fairly cried at the way in which his new and unwelcomed parishioners were demoralizing the old ones, and old Reuben Dyke seemed to look almost patronizingly upon us, as two deserving young people helped to fortune by his great sagacity and wisdom.

So it went on, month after month; yet I saw no signs of the advent of that promised wealth. So far as I could understand it, the seam of coal hit upon by those clever captains was a failure. It broke, or dipped, or something else; the continuation had to be sought elsewhere. Thereupon Captains Thomas Davies and Davies Thomas came over again, inspected again, and reported so cheerfully that Walter's face lost that look of anxiety which I had lately seen upon it, and he pushed on the work more briskly than before.

Then they told me the right seam had been found—Walter was radiant. Out of the first money gained he would send Thomas Davies and Davies Thomas a hundred pounds apiece, as an extra recognition due to their skill and good counsel. Larger sums than before were furnished by our financial friends, who came to the Hall once or twice, and were, I thought, very rude and familiar in their manner. Machinery and engines were erected, more men engaged, and in time great black heaps began to accumulate, and grimy black faces met me at every turn. Our peaceful and beautiful home was so changed that I began almost to loathe what had once been the greatest spot on earth to me, and to long for change of air and scene.

Money seemed always being paid away—large sums that frightened me. But was I not only a woman, who knew nothing of business?

Yet all these grievances were nothing to the grief I felt at seeing the change in my darling's face. Every week I noticed an alteration. Gradually a cloud of care seemed settling down on his once gay nature, and I knew his mind was anxious and ill at ease. He grew thinner; his dark hair showed signs of premature grayness; his sleep was often restless and unrefreshing. Though now, as he ever had been, kind and gentle to me, at times with others he was moody, silent, and evidently worried. All the brightness of youth appeared to be leaving him, so much so that my heart ached to see him, and I felt I could bear it no longer. I would learn the worst he had to tell me, claiming my right as a true wife to share trouble as well as joy with my husband.

The confidence I was resolved to claim came unasked for. One evening Walter returned home and threw himself into a chair, apparently utterly broken down. He covered his eyes with his hands and sobbed bitterly.

I knelt at his side and my arms were round him. Then he told me all—I need not give the details. The bare truth was this: After all the money spent, the coal raised was of such a poor quality that every ton sold was sold at a loss. And more money than I had ever imagined had been expended. Of course he had been cheated—I knew he was being cheated the moment I saw the faces of the men who had lent him the money he wanted; but there was no help for it now. Messrs. Leach and Vincent claimed, for advances, costs and interest, the enormous sum of close upon ten thousand pounds. Walter had just come from Bristol, where these men carried on business, and after a stormy interview with them, had been informed that unless the amount was paid by Saturday, house, lands, and everything would be at once advertised for sale—and today was Wednesday!

I knew nothing of law; but, even to my ignorance, this sudden demand and swift procedure seemed unusual.

"But can they do it?" I asked.

"Yes, I am afraid they can. Months ago, when they made me a large advance, they gave me notice to pay the mortgage off. It was a mere matter of form, they said; but now they will act upon it. They are thorough-going rogues, and I believe have some scheme in their heads by which they fancy it possible to get absolute possession of the whole estate."

"But, Walter dear, the estate must be worth thousands more than that amount."

"Oh, yes, I can get the money easily enough. But not in three days. It will cut me to the heart even to see it all advertised, although doubtless the sale may be stopped."

"Why not go to that nice old gentleman, Mr. Mainwaring?" I suggested. "You always call him your family solicitor. He will help you, I am sure."

"That is just what I intend doing. I shall go to London tomorrow, and show him exactly how I stand, and beg as a great favor that I may have the money at once. When I return I will give orders for all the men to be discharged and the machinery sold. There shall be an end of it before it makes an end to me."

I was almost hysterical with joy as I heard his last words.

"Oh, my love!" I cried. "It will all come right with us yet. We are after all only half ruined. We can let the Hall and go abroad for several years. Don't trouble about it any more. If you could only know how happy I am to think I shall have you back once again, all to myself as of old, you would be happy too. We will live in some quiet French or Swiss town, and be everything to one another again."

So I talked to him and comforted him, until he grew more composed, and, kissing me, owned that life was still worth having, even if shorn of half its wealth.

That night I slept more happily than I had slept for months.

The morning's post brought a letter from Leach and Vincent. It was couched in legal terms, and stated that unless the amount due was paid in notes or gold by Saturday at noon, they would take the threatened steps. Walter at once dispatched a telegram, saying the money would be paid, and requesting that the necessary release might be prepared in order to avoid any delay. Then he started for London, in quest of ten thousand pounds.

I had little fear as to the result of his expedition. I can read faces; and long ago I had read in Mr. Mainwaring's face the kindness of his disposition. I knew he was rich, and that his clients were also rich men; moreover, he had a high opinion of Walter, and held him in what might almost be termed affection. When he congratulated me upon my marriage, he told me, in unmistakable words, what he thought of my husband. So I was not surprised when, on the Friday evening, Walter returned with a semblance of the old joyous smile on his face; and, after locking a pocketful of bank-notes in the safe, sat down by me, and for the rest of the evening built airy castles, or rather cottages, full of peacefulness and love.

When I awoke next morn, my heart was light; trouble, it seemed, had been, but passed away so swiftly that its traces scarce remained. I threw the window open, and the fresh, sweet air of spring brought gladness on its wings. The honeysuckle, old and great, that clothed the wall beneath my window, just gave signs of breaking into blossom; leaning out, I plucked some sprays and pinned them in my dress. A thrush sung from a bush below; my heart kept echoing his notes of love and joy. What cared I for the money, or its loss? Should I not have my own love back again, and watch his face regain its old bright look of health and happiness? Passed by his side, and with our children round us, would not my life be pleasant in some quaint old town of France? And we would live so carefully, and save money as years went on, until some day might bring us to the dear old Hall again. Unhappy?—no! few moments in my life had happier been than these.

And Walter was cheerful. He would soon be out of the clutches of his obliging friends. The shock was over. He had told me what had been gnawing at his heart for so long; he was now looking his troubles fairly in the face, and, as usually happens, found them not so terrible in aspect as he had imagined. He buttoned his bank-notes in his breast-pocket and started for the railway station. He felt better and stronger today, and, as the morning was so beautifully fine, was tempted to walk the five miles, instead of driving, as he usually did.

We were early risers, so he had plenty of time, and I thought the walk would do him good. Perhaps it was the feeling of new restored confidence—perfect and true—which now existed between us that made his farewell to me that morning even more affectionate than it was wont to be—made him insist upon having all the children brought down, and taking many a kiss from those little rosy pursed-up lips—made him pause when he reached the furthest point to which my eyes could follow him, and turning, waft me one more farewell.

I should have walked with him, at any rate, part of the way; but household duties had to be attended to; so, after watching his tall figure disappear at the turning of the drive, I re-entered the house, hoping that the day would pass quickly, and hasten the evening which would bring him back again.

Months and months ago I had promised a friend, who sighed in far-away lands for English fields again, to make, this spring, a little collection of ferns and send it to her. The anxiety of the last few months had driven the promise from my mind, but as, this morning, I pictured our own projected emigration, my thoughts turned to my distant friend, and my broken promise came back to me. I determined that on the first opportunity I would make amends for my neglect.

Ferns, many of them scarce ones, grew plentifully in our pleasant country; but on the road that Walter must take on his way to the station they flourished in unusual abundance. I could obtain many varieties close at hand, but some few grew further off; so I asked Walter, if he should chance to meet with any specimens of these particular sorts, to pick a frond or two, which he could place between the leaves of the book he carried. I wanted, especially, a specimen of the Northern Shield Fern, which even here is not very common, growing as it does in little patches, sometimes miles apart. He laughed at my idle request, but promised to attend to it.

The day wore on, and the sun got low. It was time to send the dog-cart to meet the train. Long, long before the time had elapsed in which, by chance, it could return, I was waiting at the window to welcome Walter home again. I waited and waited, until so many weary minutes crawled away that I was fain to conclude he had been detained in Bristol until the next and last train.

I nursed my disappointment, and killed the time as best I could. The hour when I might surely expect him came and passed. The train must be late. I opened the window, and waited and listened for the sound of his coming.

At last I heard the ring of the horse's hoofs, and saw the approaching dog-cart dimly by the light of the stars. I ran to the door, eager to greet my husband; but as the horse drew up on the gravel, I could see only one figure in the dog-cart—that of James, our groom. He told me that his master had come by neither train, so, after waiting, he had driven back alone.

I turned away, very miserable and sad at heart, but, strange to say, felt no fear of evil. Business had, of course, detained him. It seemed unkind not to have let me know in some way, but perhaps he could find no means of doing so. There was not the slightest chance of his returning tonight, the distance being far too great for driving. I must wait until tomorrow.

It was only when I went to bed—alone, for almost the first time since we were married—that fear fell upon me, and fancy brought horrid ideas to my mind—that the possibility of evil having befallen my husband came to me. The large sum of money he carried, the lonely road, the black-faced colliers about the neighborhood—all combined to fill me with a nameless dread—a terror which I could scarcely put into thoughts, much less into words. Yet I strove with my fears, trying to strangle each one as it was born.

"I shall see him tomorrow. Tomorrow I shall see him." I repeated over and over again; and as that morning at last dawned, I fell into a restless sleep.

But morning brought him not; noon brought him not—neither letter nor message. So my heart died within me; and taking a maid with me, I started for Bristol by the afternoon train. It was Sunday; the streets of the large town looked dreary and deserted as we passed through them. Knowing Mr. Leach's private address, we drove straight to his house. After some delay I was shown into a room.

By and by Mr. Leach entered, with his fat forefinger closed in a book of sermons, which, I felt instinctively, he had been engaged in reading for the benefit of his young vultures. His smooth face was full of gentle astonishment that any one should wish to confer with him on business matters on that particular evening in the week. As I looked at him and read through his mask of hypocrisy, I knew that the man was a rogue and capable of committing any crime. When he saw who his visitor was, his astonished look changed to one of annoyance. He closed his book entirely, laying it on the table with the edifying title turned toward me.

It seems childish to mention such trivial incidents; but during that terrible time every word, every detail, seems graven upon my memory in deep lines that will never be effaced.

"I have called, Mr. Leach——" I began.

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"A promise not kept?" I echoed.

"Certainly not. He undertook to pay us a large sum of money yesterday. He has not been near us—I conclude he is ill," he added, with an approach to a sneer.

I sunk back in the wildest grief. Then all my fears of the night, all my forebodings of the day, were true! I knew that never—never again should I look on Walter's face. He had been murdered—but by whom?

Mr. Leach endeavored, after the manner of his kind, to comfort me. He placed his fat hand in a soothing way upon my arm. This action restored my senses to me

"My husband left me only yesterday morning with the money you claim in his pocket. I know it for certain. He was going straight to you. Where is he? Tell me?"

Mr. Leach gave a start of surprise, but said nothing. I waited for his answer.

"Where is he?" I reiterated. "Tell me!"

Mr. Leach placed his finger-tips together, and looked at me with an expression almost like placid amusement.

"Mrs. Linton," he said slowly, "I am a man of business, and have seen strange things in my time, so you mustn't be offended if I ask you a question. Mr. Linton had the money ready for us, you say. In what form was it

"In notes, sir." I replied. "He told me you declined taking anything else."

"Yes, yes—except gold. So we did. We are bound to be careful. Now, Mrs. Linton—mind, I mean no offense—do you know that your husband was much embarrassed?"

"I know he could pay all just debts—and unjust ones, too," I answered, with rising indignation.

"Yes, of course. All just and unjust debts. All unjust debts—very good. Now, do you think it possible—ten thousand is a lot of money—do you think it possible that Mr. Linton may have—well, in plain English, decamped with it?"

I heard no more. My face was flaming. I rose and, without another word, left the room. I was in the cab before Mr. Leach had recovered from his surprise, and in another minute was sobbing my poor heart out on the shoulder of my maid—a faithful, good girl who loved me.

I can not tell you of the next few days. The uncertainty of everything, yet, to me, the utter hopelessness. The dread, of what any moment might make known to me. The searchers searching and hoping to find—what? For I knew that the success of their quest could only bring me the dead body of my darling—murdered, perhaps, for the sake of the money he carried. Yet hardest of all to bear was the knowledge that the sorrow manifested by those around me was only assumed out of respect to me; that no one believed for to be dead, that the wicked, cruel slander which had framed itself in Mr. Leach's mind had entered the minds of others. I could read the thought in the faces of all who came near me during those days. I knew that the paid seekers performed their task with a smile on their lips—that the word went around among them that, in order to be successful, the search should be, not for a dead, but for a living man, to find whom it was needful to look further away. How was it I did not go mad?

I cared nothing when some one told me that the property, house, and all were advertised for sale in a few weeks' time. I thought of nothing, saw nothing but the cold, still face of the one I loved. I wished for nothing now but to see his name cleared from the stain thrown upon it—a stain he would have heeded more than death; this done, I wished to die—that was all. The wild thought which had at first entered my head, that the men to whom he owed the money had taken it and made away with him, was at last dispelled; for proof was positive that Walter had not gone to Bristol on that fatal morning. The passengers from the station were too few, and Walter too well known not to have been noticed. Indeed, no ticket for the class by which he would certainly have traveled had been issued that day. No one had met him that morning, and he had disappeared without leaving a trace; for people told me that every inch of the country near had been scoured. But I knew they deceived me, and that the wicked thought was in every heart, although no one dared to speak it in words to me who knew him and loved him.

Mr. Mainwaring, whom I had almost forgotten in my grief, came down in the course of a few days. Unfit as I was for business, I was compelled to see him. The kind old man was in great distress and anxiety, but he was very good to me. He started when he saw that I had already put on mourning.

"It is dreadful," he said, with tears in his eyes, and taking both my hands in his. "Not that I care for the money so much—although, of course, I must make up any deficiency myself, having been guilty of such irregularity. It is dreadful to think that I, who tried to help Walter, must now strip his wife and children of their last shilling. I trusted him so that I let him have my client's money simply on his note-of-hand, bearing, of course, all responsibility myself. It was most irregular; but he was so urgent, and I wanted to help him. Poor girl! I will do what I can for you, but I am afraid it can be but little."

I begged him not to think of us, and thanked him again and again for his great kindness.

"I would, if only in my own interests, pay the money again and stop the sale; but no one has the power to mortgage the property to me. We do not even know that Walter is dead. It can not, can not be true, what every one seems to hint at?" he added, almost shamefacedly.

I burst into a flood of tears and almost fell at his feet.

"Not you, Mr. Mainwaring! Not you!" I sobbed out. "You, who knew him, and knew that dishonor was not in him! Let me think that one, at least, believes in my dead love. Would to God, for my sake, it were as people think, so that I might some day see him again."

The kind old man raised me

"No," he said; "I don't believe it. I have known him from a boy, and I knew his father before him. They lie who say Walter Linton could have done such a thing. But it is all very dreadful."

Mr. Mainwaring slept at Draycot Hall that night, but I could not bring myself to spend the evening in his company. We could but think of one subject, and I felt I had no right to inflict my grief upon him. I should be better alone. I watched the children sink to sleep, and for some hours sat by their little white beds listening to their regular breathing. Then I kissed them all gently and very quickly, lest my hot tears, falling on their upturned faces, should awake them; and, near midnight, retired to what with me would wrongly be called rest. I locked the door of my room, undressed myself, and sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, for the night being damp and cold, my good maid had kindled a fire for me.

And there I sat, not seeking rest. I knew that sleep and I must be strangers for hours; that not until my strength was quite worn out would sad thoughts cease and change to sadder dreams; not till at last, from sheer fatigue they fell, would weary eyelids curtain tearful eyes. And so I sat, till slowly died the fire, and morning air stole chilly through the room—chinking of all the joy and sweetness of life which I promised, all it gave me now. It seemed so hard to lose the one I loved—lost, as it were, in darkest night, with none to say where he had wandered.

"Oh!" I cried, "if I could see you once and say farewell, although your words came but from dying lips! I should not grieve so much, and for the sake of children dear to both might live, and even not go mad."

The wind had risen with the night, and gusts now and again bore heavy rain that beat against my window; whilst the tall trees round moaned as the gale went tearing through their boughs. The world seemed full of dismal sounds and grief, and I the saddest in the world. At last sleep conquered sorrow, so I threw myself down on the bed and slept. How long it was I slept I can not tell, for all the while I seemed awake and seeing fearful sights. Cruel voices whispered words that stabbed my heart, so that in dreams I longed for wakefulness. Then I awoke and heard the wind and rain, louder and fiercer, whilst the room looked strange as morning dawned in cheerless gray, and crept in through the half-turned blind.

I felt dazed. For a moment I could scarcely realize where I was, or quite recall what had happened. I even turned, from force of habit, to see if Walter, who should be by my side, was also awake. Then, as I saw the vacant pillow by mine, all came back to me—came back with such a reflux of sorrow that, in my despair, I threw out my arms, and sobbing bitterly, called on the one who could not hear me. My right hand lay as it had fallen, outside the coverlid, and, in a minute, I almost shrieked with horror and alarm; for I felt another hand seek it, touch it; and I experienced the sensation of fingers closing round my own. Hastily I tore my hand away from that clasp—if what held without restraining, made itself distinctly felt without offering resistance, can be called a clasp—and sprang from the bed. Courageous as I am by nature, I trembled like a leaf, and had it been dark when that unknown hand sought mine, my horror must have vented itself in screams. But the room was nearly light; so in a few moments I conquered that overpowering fright and looked around for the intruder. I peered into every nook in which one might possibly hide, but detected no one. The door was as firmly locked as I left it. I was alone, for no one could have entered either by door or window. Then I sat down and reasoned with myself on my folly. It was fancy from a mind upset and overwrought with grief. It was the lingering impression left by one of those dreams—those dreadful dreams which sleep had brought me! It was a pure delusion, a creation of my own, and I wondered if, as I feared at times, I was going out of my senses. Although I was able to persuade myself that this reasoning was correct,

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I dared not return to my bed, but, sitting once more in my chair, longed for broad daylight.

My thoughts soon wandered away from my recent fright, and took that path which they always followed. My arm dropped to my side, and my fingers relaxed themselves. And then, once more I felt that hand creep to mine, take it, and hold it. Again I felt the unmistakable sensation of fingers that closed round mine. I felt there was no hand in mine that my hand could clasp in return, but the sensation of a palm against my palm—fingers twining my fingers—was indisputable. The sensation of pressure was there—faintly, it is true, but it was there. It was no fancy, no dream, this time. Whether mortal or not, a hand, or the semblance of a hand, was holding mine. Again the horror overcame me—again I strove to tear my hand away from this invisible clasp. My blood curdled as I found the result of my efforts failed on this second occasion—found that the fingers which fastened on my own could not be shaken off, do what I would. As I moved my hand, even so the hand that held it moved with it. If I clinched my own, I could yet feel the strange pressure of those unseen fingers. If I grasped my right hand in my left, there was still the sensation of another hand between my own. Do what I would, move how I would, that clasp, or phantom of a clasp, was ever on my hand. Yet I struggled with fear until the awful thought flashed through my brain that this was the aura, the forerunner of paralysis or epilepsy. Then I could bear it no longer. Whether that grasp was the result of bodily or mental ailment, I could bear it no longer—I felt my mind going. I rushed to the door, tore it open, and my screams rang through the house. Remember, I was but a woman, and alone.

As the sound of hurrying feet drew near, that hand or hand-clasp lying on my own quitted it. Then, as the strange sensation ceased, did I hear a mournful sound, like a sigh, or was it only the wind outside? Did the phantom fingers draw themselves away from mine soothingly, even, it seemed, reluctantly, or was that fancy too? As the servants with frightened looks drew near me, could that wild and joyful thought that flashed through my brain be more than the thought of a mad woman? What could it mean?

Except for this I was myself again. I had been frightened, I told all who came to me—frightened by dreams, by shadows, by solitude, and my own thoughts. No one wondered at it; what flesh and blood could stand, unmoved, the anxiety I had borne during the last week? I was overwrought and suffering from sleeplessness, so Mr. Mainwaring insisted upon giving me an opiate. I swallowed it reluctantly, and my maid sat with me, until, in due time, dull sleep told of the potency and efficacy of the drug which I had been made to take.

This artificial sleep lasted without a break until late in the afternoon. Then I awoke refreshed, and in full possession of my senses. I arose and prayed, as I had never prayed before, that my hand might again feel that unseen touch which had nearly driven me mad in the night. "Will it come again? O, let it come again!" was the constant cry of my heart; and I longed ardently for the night, which, perhaps, might bring that hand seeking my own again. For incredible as it seems, I knew, when those fingers left mine, that love had in part conquered death—that Walter had been with me. Now I feared nothing. Why should I fear? He had loved me living—he loved me now. Whether he came to me in body or in spirit should he not be welcome? Oh, that he might come again!

And he came again. Mr. Mainwaring, who would not leave Draycot that day on account of the apparently strange state of my health, that evening insisted upon my taking a turn in the garden. I obeyed him, although every plant, every blossom around, seemed breathing sadness. I was too tired to walk for longer than a few minutes, but sat on my favorite seat, and watched the sun sink behind the hills. Even then and there—in broad daylight—I felt his hand seek my own, and my heart leaped with joy. I shunned or strove to avoid it no longer. I let my hand lie still, and again I felt the touch, or the spirit of the touch, of the one I loved. So naturally those fingers closed round mine; so familiar seemed that clasp to me, that could I have forgotten the last week, I might have closed my eyes, and, lying there with my hand in his, have thought I had only to open them to happiness once more. If I had not known in whose hand mine was resting, the caress those fingers gave me would have told me. I wondered why I feared and repulsed them at first. If only I could sometimes sit as I sat then, and know and feel that Walter was beside me, I thought that life might even be happy. So I turned my head toward him, and said, softly—so softly:

"Dearest love, you will come often and often. will you not? You will be always with me; then I shall not be unhappy."

He answered not, but I felt a change in the clasp of his hand, and I pondered as to what its meaning could be. Then I fancied that faintly, very faintly, that touch was endeavoring to make me understand something which my grosser earthly faculties failed to grasp—to direct, to lead me somewhere for some purpose. For it left me and came again, left and came again, till at last I learned its meaning.

Then and there I rose. "I come, my love," I said. And once more Walter Linton and his wife walked, as they had walked many a time before, hand-in-hand down the broad garden path; past the rustic lodge, covered with rosebuds and woodbine; through the gateway; out into the high road. I feared nothing; the hand of the one I loved was in mine, and guiding me whither he chose, moreover it was yet daylight, and I was not dreaming.

I even knew that Mr. Mainwaring followed us as we walked down the path. I saw him come to my side and look at me with wonder. I wanted no one to be near my husband and myself, so I waved him back imperiously. "Follow if you like," I said, "but do not speak to us." Perhaps he thought I was mad, perhaps that I was walking in my sleep, and, if so, feared to awake me. Any way, he followed us silently, and that was all I knew or cared about him, or about anything else. For were not my love and I walking, once more, hand-in-hand, and it was not a dream?

Along and along the road, each side of which is beautiful with its green banks and hedges, and every inch of which we know, even keeping to that side we always choose because the flowers grow thickest there. How fresh and green everything looks this evening! The swallows are flying here and there. Every blade of grass is washed clean from dust by the heavy rain of the morning. No, I am not dreaming. I am walking with my husband. A nightingale breaks into song near us, as we walk. We stop—who could help stopping to listen? Now its melody ceases, and Walter leads me on. It is like in the old days when we were first wed; before we thought or wished for more wealth. Those days when all the country round was fresh and new to me. Never did the wild-flowers, I think, look gayer than they look this evening, although they are closing fast. I would stop, my darling, and gather a bunch for the childen; but they have so many flowers at home, and I fear to loose your hand for a moment. Besides, you wish to lead me further yet; we have somewhere to go to this evening. I forget whither it was you told me, Walter. Is it to the lily-pond, to see if we can find any snow-white cups floating, buoyed up by the broad green leaves? Is it to climb the hill that lies in front of us, and see the very last of the glorious sun; to catch the crimson sparkle of its rays on the distant windows of our dear home? That sun which will rise tomorrow, and waken us both so early—for you will never leave me again, Walter—promise me, my darling—I have been so unhappy. Is it further yet? To the ruins of the gray old abbey where the poet's ivy grows so freely? Shall we wait there, as once before, and see the full moon shine through the rose of the east windows? Shall we wander arm-in-arm through the dim glades, laughing at the foolish monks who chose to live and die there, knowing not love, nor the sweetness of life when two share its joys and troubles? But our troubles are over now, are they not, dearest? No matter, lead me whither you will; I care not—you are with me, your hand is in mine, and I am happy. But wherever we go, we will walk back by moonlight, and then creep up quietly and kiss the children just once before we go to bed. Tomorrow we will wake and love again. No, I am not dreaming. But why do you not speak to me and tell me where you have been—why you left me so long? Oh, how I have wept and waited for you! Dearest, you will never leave me again?

This is the spot you wished to lead me to—the place where the ferns grow? Ah, you remember what I wanted. Are there any of that sort up there? Let us go and see, although the day is flying fast. Through the hazel bushes—deep, deep into the underwood—on and on—up and up—brambles and stones! I did not know it was so steep here. Hold my hand firmer and help me. More bushes, more undergrowth; and how the twilight fades! My darling, we shall find no ferns tonight. May we not go back and come again tomorrow? Yet on, and on! Love, where you lead I follow and fear not! Is not your hand in mine, and you will never leave me again! Still on! My darling, you have brought me to the very edge of a rock! Don't leave me here! Don't draw your hand from mine! Stay one minute—one moment longer! I can not see you; it is dark and cold! I can not feel you, and the world seems filling again with grief. Come back! Come back! Walter! Walter!

They told me I dreamed it—that I walked in my sleep. Clever and learned men said so, and I am only a woman, neither clever nor learned. Mr. Mainwaring, who had with great difficulty followed us—for I say "us," in spite of all that wisdom can urge—found me lying lifeless at the brink of the rocky depth to which Walter had led me, and where he had left me. Down below me lay something that I, thank God, never saw. They bore it home and told me it was all that was left of Walter Linton, my husband. But I knew better, for had he not that evening walked hand-in-hand with me for miles? They told me, also, that he had fallen from the top of the rock—that it was not a great height, but high enough for the fall to kill him instantaneously—that most likely he was led to that fatal place, seeking some rare plant; as a root and withered leaves were clenched in his hand—that the notes he had placed in his pocket when he left home were still there—that Draycot was still mine and his children's. But they believe me not when I tell them that my love, my husband, through the power of the love he bore me, could come from the dead—could take my hand in his and lead me with him, on and on, till he showed me where and how he died—till he saved those he loved from utter ruin and a life of penury—till, more than all, he cleared his own dear memory from stain and dishonor. Yet these things were!

Just "Wm."

Many peculiar signatures in the course of a season find themselves upon the register of a hotel. There are foreign fists of all sorts in script that none but a Kytka could unravel. The most curious of all, however, was placed on the books only recently. It is this:

"Wm."

Only that and nothing more!

There is no surname, no address, nothing at all but just "Wm."

This is the way it happened:

A well dressed man entered a hotel the other day and followed his bags to the desk. The register was swung around into position for him and a pen handed him by the gentlemanly desk clerk. Then, in a free, swinging hand, wrote the accepted abbreviation of his first name, "Wm."

As if a thought had suddenly occurred to him he stopped writing and looked up.

"What do you charge for a single room here by the day?" he asked.

"Three, four, five and six dollars," answered the clerk.

"Ain't you got no $1 rooms?"

"No, we have no $1 rooms. Three, four, five and six."

"Gosh!" he said, and he didn't look the part, either. "This is no place for me. Gimme my luggage."

And he sneaked out of the hotel as one who had trodden on sacred ground.

Which is why on the register today is the odd signature:

"Wm."

Lawyer—We have burned our bridge behind us.

Judge—Ten years for arson.

Scalping.

Indians believe that scalping is annihilation of the soul, hence the eagerness of the Indian to secure the scalp of his enemy and save his own scalp. Deprived of the scalp the body becomes mere carrion, not even worthy of burial. "Whether or not its removal annihilates a soul," says General Dodge, author of "Our Wild Indians," "the Indian is yet sure that a scalp is 'strong medicine' and equally sure that its taking by him will involve consequences to him either very good or very bad, and he does not always know which. An Indian will never take the scalp of a colored soldier, nor does he give any reason for it; all to be got out of him by way of explanation is: 'Buffalo soldier no good; heap bad medicine.'

"Whatever the special religious opinion of each Indian in regard to taking the scalps of slain enemies, I have never yet known a single case where the scalp of a suicide was stripped off, and in many cases the superstition is so strong as to prevent the Indians even from touching the body."

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THE BOY PAGE;

Or, IN SERVICE TO QUEEN BESS

By LIEUTENANT JACK JUDSON

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CHAPTER XVI

SIR ROTHBY'S VENGEANCE.

I the boy page his exciting adventures were over when he had a streak of unexpected luck. He had secured Jot in the very nick of time. The scamp was mistaken.

True Jot was a valuable capture, but the real head of the Spanish plot against Queen Bess was Sir Rothby Graeme, who was still at large. The two boys had heard him declare that if the Armada failed the dagger would end the great Queen's reign and they had yet this to guard against.

It was believed that the conspirators would seek refuge on board the Spanish vessels and Queen Elizabeth took steps to arrest them should they attempt to do so.

Jot was taken to the Tower and housed in one of the darkest dungeons under the water front.

The Queen was much pleased with Percy's work and showered him with the most lavish praise.

"Now for Sir Rothby," cried the young page, addressing Roland. "We must find that traitor. Leicester can be left alone for the present, but I intend to inform Queen Bess of his double dealing."

At the same time Sir Rothby, who had in some manner heard of Jot's capture, was not idle. The news threw him into transports of rage.

"I shall never set foot outside of London until I have settled with that boy in scarlet!" he exclaimed. "He has been a thorn in our sides ever since the Armada has been the talk of the kingdom. If he hopes to escape me now he reckons without his host. He does not know Sir Rothby Graeme."

The traitor thereupon set watches at the drawbridge over which Percy generally left the Tower and the night after Jot's capture the boy was seen to cross it.

In a moment he had three hired ruffians at his heels and these fellows dogged his steps till he was in a dark part of London on his way to Roland's house.

All at once Percy heard footsteps behind him and when he whirled with his hand on his sword he was pounced upon by Sir Rothby's minions, and a heavy cloth was thrown over his head.

Resistance was useless, for the rascals had played their part only too well. Percy was lifted off his feet and hustled away.

When the cloth was removed he found himself in a splendidly furnished chamber which was revealed by many lights. He was the sole tenant of the place.

Presently the door opened and a young girl appeared. She greeted Percy with a smile and, drawing off, sat down and watched him in silence.

"You don't come here very often?" began the girl who was quite beautiful.

Percy looked astonished.

"It is my first visit," said he, "and I am [illegible] my own will."

The girl affected surprise.

"Do you really mean to tell me that you do not know where you are?"

I [illegible] answered Percy with [illegible] Am I not in Sir Rothby [illegible]?"

"You are [illegible] young sir."

I thought as [illegible] by what right [illegible] street and brought [illegible]?"

"Sir Rothby is his own master," replied the girl.

"Does he not know that he angers the Queen, my royal mistress when he treats me thus?"

"As to that Sir Rothby does not care."

Percy made no reply but settled back on the velvet sofa and regarded the young girl in silence.

"I am Sir Rothby's niece, Mistress Beatrice," she went on. "You will await my uncle's pleasure. He will come soon."

"But I must not be kept here," cried Percy, rising. "The three villains who seized me deprived me of my sword, but if you will restore it. I promise that I will fight my way out of this house."

"Says you so?" returned the girl with a little laugh. "You are accounted an excellent hand with the sword. I have heard of your exploits. But just now I cannot afford to return your weapon."

She was insolence itself Percy thought.

He paced the carpet, looking now and then at the girl who eyed him coldly, but with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes.

"You are in the plot, too, I suppose?" he suddenly cried, halting in front of her.

"My heart is in everything Sir Rothby undertakes!" she replied.

"Both of you are against Queen Bess."

"As you will," was the tantalizing response. "You are safe here, Master Sydney. The Queen will dispense with your services for some time to come."

There was a threat in these words which cut the young page to the quick.

"When all of you feel the iron hand of Queen Bess," he exclaimed, "it will be too late to sue for mercy."

"Before long there will be no such iron hand in England!"

A heavy footfall was heard beyond the door which opened and the commanding figure of Sir Rothby entered.

"Good night," he said to Percy with a mock nod. "Is it possible that I see you under my roof?"

"I am here by the arts of your minions!" cried the boy, returning the nobleman's look. "If you will return my sword we will have it out here once and forever."

"I will open it to no living person!"

"The young lion would show his teeth," said Sir Rothby to the smiling girl. "we must cut his claws. What think you, Beatrice?"

"They need clipping," was the answer.

Sir Rothby waved his hand toward the sofa, but Percy remained standing with folded arms.

"You have caught my old friend Jot," Sir Rothby went on. "I am informed that he is now in the Tower."

"A place from which no traitors escape!"

"Is it true that Jot was caught at Master Zoni's wild beast establishment?"

"Yes. But for our appearance he would have been killed by the tigers."

"And you thought to save him for a more public doom?"

"A doom which you can guess," answered Percy.

A look now passed between uncle and niece and Beatrice withdrew with a farewell glance at the Queen's page.

"Now that you are safely in my power," resumed Sir Rothby, "I can speak out boldly. The great fleet of King Philip is within sight of the English coast. The Armada will humble England and take vengeance for the wicked deeds of Queen Elizabeth. I throw off all disguise in your presence, boy. I am a traitor to her majesty. I have forsworn all allegiance to Queen Bess and I am for Philip of Spain."

"This is not news," answered Percy with a proud curling of his lip. "A man who would have drawn for his dark purpose a diagram of the Queen's private apartments is the lowest of traitors. Queen Bess knows of that bit of work."

"Through whom, boy?"

"Through me, Percy Sydney! You lost your chart in old Nimble's armory and it fell into my hands. I conveyed it to the Queen herself, so that she is informed of your treason. She set Leicester upon your heels, but it was only setting a thief to catch one of the same ilk."

Sir Rothby colored at the youth's bold words.

"I suspected as much," he cried. "It was you also who escaped from Lord Ruthledge's house?"

"Yes, and I there observed the meeting of the traitors."

"Who showed you the secret passage?"

"I betray no one," said Percy, as he thought of the beautiful Lady Jane.

"Very well," Sir Rothby said, gritting his teeth. "You do not expect mercy at my hands?"

"Treason run to cover has no mercy."

"You are right, lad."

Sir Rothby stepped back and tapped a golden call bell on the mahogany table.

The door opened and two ruffians dressed in the Graeme livery entered and awaited their master's command.

"See you yon boy?" and the nobleman's finger covered the straight figure of the Queen's page in the middle of the room.

The glowering looks of the pair were riveted upon the silent boy.

"Take him to the circular chamber!" cried Sir Rothby. "I fancy the cage will hold him till we want to pluck his fine feathers."

The men advanced and Percy drew back with flashing eye. In vain he looked around for a weapon. The only one that caught his eye was the sword that dangled at Sir Rothby's side and he could not reach it.

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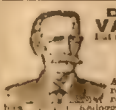

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went on the English traitor. "You need not handle him with silken gloves."

The two men seized Percy who struggled for a moment in their grasp, but, finding their grips like iron, he soon gave over and became their prisoner.

"The circular chamber, I said," Sir Rothby proceeded. "You know how the one door locks. When Queen Bess again hears of her page, if she ever does, there'll be rage in the White Tower."

With a last look at his enemy Percy was dragged from the room and up a flight of broad steps. The menials did not treat him kindly.

At the end of a long dark corridor a door was opened and the boy page was thrown headlong across the threshold.

When he regained his feet he discovered that he was the inmate of a small chamber which was perfectly round. There was not a particle of furniture in the room, not so much as a couch.

The walls were smooth from floor to ceiling, but the place was lighted by a small lamp which stood on the floor in one corner.

Percy surveyed his prison with doleful feelings. A window might have caused him to hope, but the circular room was windowless.

At last he was fully in the power of the arch enemy of himself and his Queen.

For some time he leaned against the cornerless wall and reflected. He was to perish there and no one would ever know what had been his doom.

No sounds of any kind entered the place. The walls seemed dead ones and when he ran his eye over them he failed to detect a single seam.

The glare of the lamp seemed to mock his situation. The little flame appeared to laugh at him. All at once Percy strode toward the light and lifted his foot to fling it away. He would sooner be in darkness than to have it a witness to his captivity.

Suddenly a sound like the squeak of a rat came to his strained ears. It seemed to fall from overhead.

Percy with a start turned his gaze upward. He held his breath and looked again. He could not be mistaken and yet—the horror of what he saw froze his blood. He now knew why the circular chamber had no furniture. The oval ceiling had actually moved a foot downward. When the full villainy of Sir Rothby Graeme burst upon the boy prisoner he fell against the wall with a gasp.

CHAPTER XVII.

BY ORDER OF THE QUEEN.

The night passed and then came a new day.

All London was excited over the coming of the great Spanish fleet which was intended to humble the pride of England's Queen and make Philip of Spain the real ruler of the world.

In one of the sumptuous rooms of the home of Lord Ruthledge a beautiful young lady was pacing back and forth with rapid and nervous strides.

Lady Jane who, as we have seen, had rescued Percy and Roland from the fury of her father and his fellow conspirators was greatly perturbed. Her face was white and now and then she opened and shut her hands in little spasms of distress.

She had overheard a secret which was not intended for her ears.

She had caught the secret by the merest accident and it had fallen from Sir Rothby Graeme's tongue.

The traitor had confided to Lord Ruthledge how he had trapped Percy and how the young page was awaiting a terrible doom in the circular chamber.

This news fell upon Lady Jane's ears like the bursting of a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Her father was absent and, with the exception of a few menials, she was the sole occupant of the grand house.

More than this. Lady Jane was loyal to Queen Bess. Her father's treason had not touched her.

Suddenly she sent for one of the menials and watched him narrowly as he entered her presence.

"You are loyal to me, Joram?" she asked.

"I would die for my Lady Jane."

"Then you are the man I want."

She went to her writing table and drew pen and paper toward her.

For a few moments her hand flitted back and forth across the page and when she had finished she sealed the message with wax, stamped it with her ring seal and handed it to the menial.

"You will take this direct to the Queen," said the young lady.

"To the Tower?" gaped the man. "They may not care to admit me, my mistress."

"They will admit you," cried Lady Jane sternly. "You will hail the watch across the moat; you will say that you come from a loyal subject and that your message must be delivered to the Queen forthwith and in person."

Joram bowed and concealed the message in his doublet.

"Go!" said Lady Jone. "This is a matter of life and death. You must find the Queen. Come not back to me with the words that you have failed."

The departure of the messenger seemed to quiet the young woman.

Joram put on his sword before he left the house and shrugged his broad shoulders doubtfully, for he did not like his mission. What if he were watched and this was not unlikely, for London was full of traitors, and Lady Jane might be suspected of sending him to the Queen with a letter intended to frustrate their villainy.

But in one of the streets Joram's progress was suddenly blocked by an overturned cart about which a motley crowd had gathered. He went forward to stare at the mess for a moment when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

The man turned at the touch and looked into the faces of a brace of ill-looking fellows.

"Ho, Joram!" cried one. "Come with us and we will have a famous lark."

Joram broke away, but he was seized and held.

"Not so fast," went on the fellow. "It's a long time till daylight and your mistress will have no use for you till then."

"Nay, I cannot," Joram said, twisting in his eagerness to get away. "I am even now on a mission for my Lady Jane."

The ruffians pulled and hauled him till in his desperation he drew his sword and slashed about him in good fettle.

Other blades were drawn and suddenly one of them found the servant's body and he rolled over on the stones.

"Quick, Roger, despoil him! The message is somewhere on his person. We were to get it at all hazards, you know."

They pounced upon the fallen man like a pair of buzzards, but at this moment a youth came running up and his cry fell upon the rascals' ears.

"Fair play here, villains!" cried the boy who had whipped out his own blade and was thrusting it into the faces of the astonished robbers. "Give the man a chance for his life."

The speaker was Roland Neville and his sword meant much as the ruffians plainly saw.

Roland's attack drew others to the scene and the pair were forced to beat a hasty retreat.

"I don't think he carried any message after all," said one. "I ran my hand beneath his jerkin without results. They must have set us on a false trail."

Meanwhile it had been discovered that Joram was dead. He had defended Lady Jane's message to his last gasp. As the body was lifted up Roland caught sight of something white which protruded from beneath Joram's clothing.

Drawing it out he saw that it was addressed to the Queen and had been sealed with a noble crest.

"The rascals must have wanted this," he said to himself. "Who is the dead man?" and he faced the staring crowd.

"I know him," replied one man. "He is Lord Ruthledge's servant."

"That is quite enough," and Roland hid the message underneath his doublet.

In a moment he was flying down the street toward the Tower.

He shouted across the moat and saw the great door of the Tower swing grudgingly on its hinges.

As the drawbridge fell and rattled into place he sprang across it and flung himself into the Tower.

A guard brought him to a sudden halt and Roland looked into the man's face.

"I must see the Queen!" he cried full of the importance of his mission.

"Prithee, young sir, she is about to retire."

"No matter, I must have audience with her."

His insistence startled the guard who called the captain of the Tower watch.

"Who sends you to her majesty?" demanded this officer.

"A dead man, a man who was set upon by two ruffians whilst he was bearing an important message to Queen Bess."

In a second Roland was being hurried down the corridor.

The Queen is disturbed concerning the absence of her favorite page, Master Percy!" said the captain of the watch. "Is your message about him?"

"I don't know, but I fancy that it is."

Queen Elizabeth was found in the royal chamber of the White Tower listening to a reading by one of her court ladies. She looked up as Roland was announced and stared at him a moment.

"Come forward, boy," she said at length. "I have seen your face before, methinks."

"I am Percy's friend."

"And you have news of Percy?" cried the Queen, putting out her hand. "I trust no evil hath befallen him."

Roland drew forth Lady Jane's message which Queen Bess took eagerly and then bent toward the light on her table.

"It is the Ruthledge crest," he heard her murmur. "Can it be that what I have heard about my Lord Ruthledge is true?"

Her faultless hands broke the waxen seal and for a few seconds she stared at the page in silence. Then her face flushed with indignation and she looked up every inch a Queen.

"How came this message into your possession, boy?" she exclaimed.

Roland answered briefly.

Queen Elizabeth struck her call bell savagely and a man entered.

"Summon the Earl of Leicester," she cried. "No! Wait. I shall not trust this important business in his hands. Summon Captain Mathek of my guard."

The menial vanished and the captain of the private guard immediately entered the Queen's presence.

Elizabeth stamped on the floor in her rage.

"Dost know where Sir Rothby Greame lives?" demanded the infuriated monarch.

Captain Mathek bowed.

"Take a strong guard and search his house," continued Queen Bess. "Let no room or underground dungeon escape your eye. Your head shall answer for any failure on your part. Be quick. One who is near to me is in dire danger within those walls."

"But Sir Rothby, your majesty?" questioned Captain Mathek.

"Seize him and all found within his house!" exclaimed the Queen. "If he should have friends with him secure every one. The lips that have pronounced Master Sydney's doom shall be silenced by the headsman's ax!"

Captain Mathek was about to withdraw when the Queen's gaze fell once more upon Roland.

"Go with the guard, boy!" she cried. "I know you would have a hand in the rescue of your friend if it be not too late. See that my commands are executed to the letter."

Five minutes later the drawbridge once more spanned the dark moat and the heavy tramp of twenty trusty men was heard upon its planks.

The Queen waved her lady aside.

"Leave me alone, Joan," she said. "I will not sleep till I hear from my guards. The life of that fair boy is as much to me just now as the defeat of the Spanish Armada."

It was a stately procession which the stalwart Captain Mathek led through the streets of London. Roland walked at his side.

Not far off they came face to face with the Earl of Leicester who drew rein and stared at the Tower guard abroad at that strange hour.

"Which way, my good captain?" he asked.

"Answer him dubiously," whispered Roland, as he seized the guardsman's sleeve. "He may warn our quarry."

Captain Mathek took the hint and Leicester was deceived.

"Here we are," said Roland at length as the massive house of Sir Rothby loomed up before them.

Captain Mathek sprang up the steps and summoned the watch.

The heavy portal swung slowly open.

"Forward!" cried Roland. "Don't let Sir Rothby be warned. Forward in the Queen's name!"

The menial started to retreat, but he was seized and held. There was tumult in the hallway.

A door opened and Sir Rothby Graeme faced the guard with drawn sword.

Captain Mathek dashed the weapon aside and seized the traitor.

"You are the Queen's prisoner!" he cried, and the face of Sir Rothby became as white as ashes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A more astonished man than Sir Rothby Graeme it would be difficult to describe.

He seemed to realize in a flash that the game he had played against his Queen was ended. Not only this, but when he caught of sight of Roland, whom he recognized, he attributed his presence to a knowledge of Percy's captivity.

Captain Mathek and his command began to search the house as soon as its inmates had been secured.

The traitor could make no resistance; he dared not. From room to room the searchers went, tapping on the walls and turning over everything that fell in their way.

At length they came to a door which did not yield to their efforts.

Beatrice, Sir Rothby's niece, confronted them with defiance in her look.

"It is my private chamber," she declared. "I will open it to no living person."

"Not even at the Queen's command?" asked Captain Mathek.

"I own no ruler like Elizabeth," was the reply.

The captain turned to his men.

"Doors can be opened without keys," he said with a grim smile. "At the portal, men of England!"

The guard drew back and then several launched themselves against the door which quivered for a moment on its hinges and then lurched inward.

A small room confronted the men. It was half filled with strange machinery,

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windlasses and pulleys, and the sight mystified Captain Mathek.

"I see!" the old soldier suddenly exclaimed. "I once found a room like this in the low countries. This machinery operates a trap somewhere," and then he turned to the white-faced girl.

She refused to answer him.

Sir Rothby was brought forward and told to reveal the secret of the machinery on pain of death.

"It is too late, I fear. My vengeance has overtaken the boy who betrayed me."

"Percy!" cried Roland.

"Yes, Queen Bess' page."

"Where is he?"

"In the circular chamber and the ceiling by now must have crushed him to the floor."

Roland's face went white and his blood seemed to run cold.

"Turn your hated device backward," commanded Captain Mathek with the point of his blade at Sir Rothby's throat.

The guarded traitor stepped forward and sullenly obeyed. The wheel whirred dolefully and at last he looked at his captors.

"It is done," said he. "You will find the lad in the round room. He will never more serve his mistress."

The traitor was forced to conduct the soldiers to the door of Percy's prison house.

Roland held his breath as the strong portal swung open and Captain Mathek rushed forward.

A little figure was stretched on the bare floor. The dim light from the hall fell upon Percy's face.

"He breathes! he breathes!" cried the captain of the guard as he lifted the young page in his arms.

Roland's voice shot out in a cry of hope.

They bore Percy into one of the luxurious parlors of the house and began to revive him. When he opened his eyes and found himself among friends he put up his hands with a shudder.

"The ceiling!" he gasped. "It came down inch by inch. Its movements seemed an eternity. I was crushed to the floor. I felt the iron ceiling on my back. It seemed to drive my body into the floor. At last darkness came and I knew no more."

"For once," said Sir Rothby with the air of a disappointed man, "the machinery failed to work at the last moment. It never failed on other occasions. Beatrice must have stopped it."

"It is false!" shrilled a voice behind him. "I would not have stopped it if the Queen herself had been beneath the iron roof."

Beatrice was beside herself with madness.

Not long afterward Percy lay on a cot in the Tower recovering from his narrow escape from the most dreadful of deaths. Roland told him how all the conspirators had been arrested, how the hand of Queen Elizabeth had been stretched out till the last one had fallen into her traps, and then, with a smile on his face, he fell asleep.

By and by Janet was admitted to the Tower and Queen Bess set her to watch over the sleeping boy.

In another part of London Nell Archer was almost dying in the chair in which Jot the dwarf had left her.

There seemed no hope for the girl. The cruel cords cut almost to the bone and she was at her last gasp when the noise of a door being hammered down fell upon her ears.

She started and listened. There were men in the nest, but she could not cry out to direct them.

Suddenly she heard them beyond the door of her prison. They assailed it like a pack of wild beasts. Their halberds beat it down, they rushed in pell-mell and recoiled at sight of her.

She was unloosed as speedily as possible and cared for. The hue of life returned slowly to her cheeks.

Out in the streets the trainbands of London were marching everywhere. Queen Elizabeth was marshaling her land forces to meet the men of Spain.

Admiral Howard and Sir Francis Drake with their vessels had gone out to meet the Armada.

In a few days all was over.

That part of King Philip's fleet which the ocean storms had spared was met and almost destroyed by the brave sailors of England. The boastful "Invincible Armada" would never again train its guns on the subjects of Queen Elizabeth.

Some days after the defeat of Philip's plans there was a great gathering in the royal chamber of the White Tower. Queen Bess was there with her whole brilliant court.

At a given signal a door opened and Percy and Roland advanced into the royal presence side by side.

As they knelt before the throne Queen Elizabeth came down the steps with a sword in her hand.

For a moment she glanced majestically around and then laying the weapon lightly upon Percy's shoulder she cried out:

"I dub thee Knight, Percy of Montclaire! Arise Sir Percy!"

In like manner she bestowed the order of knighthood upon Roland and the two boys stood together whilst the whole court rang with loud acclaims.

The time came when Sir Percy united his fortunes with those of the beautiful Janet, while Roland sought out a fair maid whom he made Countess of Neville.

The wrath of Elizabeth was most terrible.

Sir Rothby Graeme and his fellow conspirators were sent to the block, all but one, the father of Lady Jane, whose life was spared because of the message she had sent to the Queen in time to save Sir Percy's life.

Of course Jot and Jarvis Tetton met the doom they deserved, but Nell Archer was set free by royal command.

Both Percy and Roland rose to distinction among the knights of England; they helped to win victories in her wars, but they never forgot the days of their boyhood when they served the greatest of all rulers—the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth.

The end.

Lady—When you came here with your companion the other day you had a paper saying that you didn't speak. How is it that you can speak now?

Wandering One—Me and me pal didn't speak then, but we've made up.

Where Diamonds Lie.

In the South African diamond fields, says Harper's Weekly, the gems are found in what are called "pipes," which are round or oval stems of a peculiar kind of rock, several acres in extent at the top and running down to unknown depths into the earth. Near the surface this rock which is rich in iron, is disintegrated by exposure to the weather and assumes a yellowish color. The precious pebbles are readily extracted from the friable rock.

Deeper down the "pipe" changes character. The rock becomes a comparatively hard mass, much more difficult to work. Yet it is still sprinkled through with diamonds lying embedded in the molds where nature made them. This blue rock has to be exposed to the weather, or treated with water, before it will yield up its treasures.

Now it is clear from the nature and appearance of the diamond-bearing rock that it is of volcanic origin, and the "pipes" are evidently the necks of ancient volcanoes, whose fires died out probably thousands of years ago. When we consider that the diamond burns and is consumed at a high temperature, we cannot think that the gems contained in those ancient pipes of rocks were brought here from the interior of the earth while the rock was in a molten condition.

It is far more probable that under peculiar conditions of pressure and temperature they were formed where they are now found while the rock was cooling off. It remains to be learned what the real condition of their formation were.

Betrayed By A Tooth.

Guibal, the assassin, was convicted at Perpignan, France, of the murder of a girl named Marie Cerbere. The evidence which proved him to be her murderer was very curious. Guibal had been suspected of having killed the girl, as she had never been seen since one day when she was known to have been in his company. But he strenuously denied all knowledge of her, and the case was about to be abandoned for want of proof when a girl came forward who had been Marie's intimate friend.

"Search among the possessions of the accused," she said, "and see if you can find among them a gold ring set with a woman's tooth instead of a stone. The tooth is mine—here is the space from which is was taken—and I had it set and gave it to Marie Cerbere as a token of friendship."

The ring was found among a hoard of trinkets belonging to Guibal, and on hearing of its discovery he confessed.

The Two Laws.

"What law is that timid, shrinking one over there by the door?"

"The unhappy law that looks as if it wished it were dead?"

"Yes; the one with the black eye."

"That's the Sherman law."

"And what is this bold and florid one that everybody treats with so much deference?"

"That's the unwritten law."

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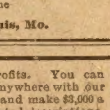

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Little Stories

A Governor's Story.

"A statesman, according to the old-fashioned creed, must never change his mind," said Governor Woodrow Wilson at a dinner in Trenton. "A changed mind may indicate a splendid mental development, but the old-fashioned are sure to call it inconsistency, and they are sure to come back at the inconsistent statesman as tellingly as the old parishioner came back at his pastor.

"A certain young pastor announced nervously one Sunday morning:

"'I will take for my text the words, "And they fed ten people with 10,000 loaves of bread and 10,000 fishes."

"At this misquotation the old parishioner from his seat in the amen corner said audibly:

"'That's no miracle—I could do it myself.'

"The young preacher said nothing at the time, but the next Sunday he announced the same text again. This time he got it right; '"And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes."'

"He waited a moment, and then leaning over the pulpit and looking at the amen corner, he said:

"'And could you do that, too, Mr. Smith?'

"'Of course I could,' Mr. Smith replied.

"'And how would you do it?' said the preacher.

"'Why, with what was left over from last Sunday, of course,' said Mr. Smith."

Social Distinction.

In some parts of the South the darkies still are addicted to the old-style country dance in a big hall, with the fiddlers, banjoists and other musicians on the platform at one end.

At one such dance, held not long ago in an Alabama town, when the fiddlers had duly rosined their bows and taken their places on the platform, the floor manager rose.

"Git yo' partners fo' de nex' dance!" he yelled. "All you ladies an' gennulmens dat wears shoes an' stockin's, take yo' places in de middle of de room. All yo' ladies an' gennulmens dat wears shoes an' no stockin's, take yo' places immejitly behin' dem. An' yo' barefooted crowd, yo' jes' jig it roun' in de corners."

For Dad's Sake.

The young man was leaning on the garden gate, chatting with the object of his affections, when the latter said hesitatingly: "I am going to ask a great favor of you."

"It's already granted," he answered devotedly.

"A very great favor," she repeated, as if doubtful of the propriety of stating it. "You're sure that you won't think it forward of me?"

"Never," he answered; "nothing you asked could be too great a trial. Only tell me what I can do for you."

"Well," she replied, with evident reluctance, "would you mind not leaning on that gate? Father painted it this afternoon, and he will be awfully provoked if he has to do it all over again."

Cutting Sarcasm.

Joseph P. Sherer told a humorous "experience" while "automobile riding," which, he said, illustrates the sarcasm which a woman is capable of when occasion demands.

"We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his 'ki-yi,' so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate lady standing over her dead dog —one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw.

"She met us with a tirade of remarks, telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and automobilists in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.'

"'Sir,' she said in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself.'"

Way of a Woman.

"She passed me on the street yesterday without speaking."

"She did?"

"Yes, the stuck up thing."

"I wouldn't say that. Perhaps she didn't mean to snub you."

"Of course she meant to snub me. You see I had on my old hat."

"That wouldn't make any difference to her."

"O, wouldn't it? Once before when I happened to have on an old dress she didn't speak to me, either. Now I'm through with her. If she doesn't care enough for me to speak when I'm in my old clothes she needn't speak at all. I won't speak to her when I'm dressed up. That's all there is to it."

"Did you speak to her?"

"I should say not. It's her place to speak first. Do you suppose I'm going to attract attention by yelling my lungs out for the like of her? I guess not."

"Perhaps she didn't see you?"

"See me? Of course she did. I saw her, didn't I? Then, why didn't she see me?"

What He Ordered.

He called the waiter. He didn't mean to be done. He knew what he wanted and he was going to have it. And what he wanted was a particularly juicy steak that hung in the window.

"Ah, but——" the waiter began.

"Don't arbut me!" the customer retorted. "I've ordered one thing and been given another before now! Serve me that steak at once or I'll go elsewhere!"

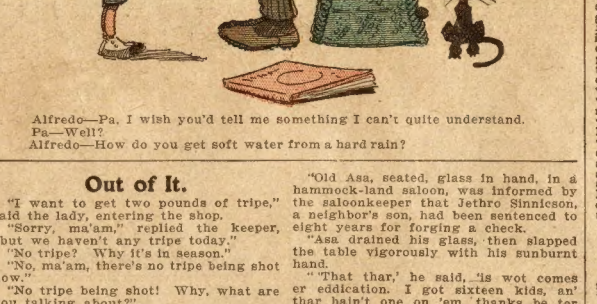
That threat settled the matter. The waiter departed to carry out his instructions.

"Great Scott, man, I can't eat this!" thundered the diner, ten minutes later.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, sir," the waiter said apologetically. "Has the paint come up in blisters from the heat? I was afraid it would sir!"

"Blisters? Paint? What on earth have you given me?" shouted the enraged diner.

"Only what you insisted on having, sir," replied the waiter—"one of the show pieces we have made for advertising purposes and keep in the window."



Alfredo—Pa, I wish you'd tell me something I can't quite understand.
Pa—Well?
Alfredo—How do you get soft water from a hard rain?

Out of It.

"I want to get two pounds of tripe," said the lady, entering the shop.

"Sorry, ma'am," replied the keeper, "but we haven't any tripe today."

"No tripe? Why it's in season."

"No, ma'am, there's no tripe being shot now."

"No tripe being shot! Why, what are you talking about?"

"I—I should say, ma'am, that the fisheries commission won't allow tripe to be caught now."

"Are you crazy, man? I don't want fish! I want tripe!"

"Well, what in thunder is tripe, ma'am?"

"Why, why, I don't know just what it is, but if you haven't got any I'll try some other place."

The Hint Direct.

The clock struck 11 p. m. Mrs. Moggs yawned behind her fan. Mr. Moggs coughed. But their visitor disregarded the hint, and began to discourse on the simple life. At 11:30 they were in the thick of politics. At 12 they were arguing about Shakespeare. At 12:30 they were wading in philosophy. At 1 it was standard bread. Then Mrs. Moggs frowned meaningly at her spouse. Unless they wished to remain up all night, something must be done, so he did it.

"Goodness gracious, how late it is!" he cried, jumping up suddenly. "My dear, hadn't we better go to bed? Our friend may want to be going!"

Plausible.

Senator La Follett was talking about a corrupt politician.

"He is plausible," said the Senator. "All such fellows are. They have, like the motor 'cop,' the most striking excuses for the most execrable deeds. A magistrate said sternly to a certain motor 'cop':

"'Why, man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You actually admit that you let a burglar go in order to arrest a speeding automobilist.'

"'Yes, your honor, and why not?' said the 'cop.' 'The automobilist, paying a large fine, adds to the resources of the country, but the burglar goes to prison and the State has to pay for his keep.'"

Her Idea.

They were very young and very happy, and very foolish, and very newly wed.

And they kept a kitchen garden.

"Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some egregious blunder.

"I tell you what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl-wife enthusiastically; "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder!"

Legal Definition.

A story which the Independent credits to Mr. Roosevelt describes the experience a good many clients have with the sort of lawyers who take cases "on spec." An injured miner told a friend that a certain lawyer was bringing a suit for him on a "contingent fee."

"What is a contingent fee, do you know, Jimmie?" he asked the friend.

"Sure I know," replied Jimmie. "If you lose your case, the lawyer gets nothing; if you win it, you get nothing."

Was Thankful.

"They who would deny the woman the vote on the ground that it would unsex her," said Judge Ben B. Lindsey at a garden party in Denver, "are exactly like Asa Ashton, a Florida Cracker.

"Old Asa, seated, glass in hand, in a hammock-land saloon, was informed by the saloonkeeper that Jethro Sinnicson, a neighbor's son, had been sentenced to eight years for forging a check.

"Asa drained his glass, then slapped the table vigorously with his sunburnt hand.

"'That thar,' he said, 'is wot comes er eddication. I got sixteen kids, an' thar hain't one on 'em, thanks be ter goodness, wot knows how ter read or write.'"

Tarkington's Story.

Booth Tarkington was talking in Indianapolis about the stage.

"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," he said. "Both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying haughtily:

"'Remember, please, that I am the star.'

"'Yes; I know you're the star,' the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress' long, slim figure, 'but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor.'"

Encouraging the Bride.

The young housewife, after a dozen trips to employment offices, had at last found and engaged a cook who was at least clean and polite.

"Now, Mary," she said impressively, when the installation in the kitchen had been duly made, "I want you to do the very best you can, for my husband is extremely particular about his food, and apt to be cross if everything is not perfect."

Mary smiled sympathetically.

"Lor', miss, that won't worry me," she replied with large tolerance. "Men is all alike about eatin'. My old man is been a-growling about my cookin' for twenty years."

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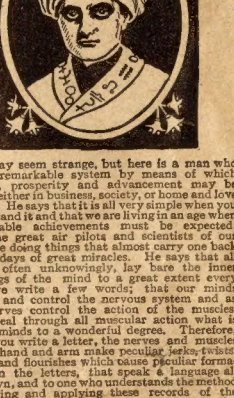

It may seem strange, but here is a man who has a remarkable system by means of which success, prosperity and advancement may be gained either in business, society, or home and love affairs. He says that it is all very simple when you understand it and that we are living in an age when remarkable achievements must be expected; that the great air pilots and scientists of our time are doing things that almost carry one back to the days of great miracles. He says that all of us, often unknowingly, lay bare the inner workings of the mind to a great extent every time we write a few words; that our minds govern and control the nervous system and as the nerves control the action of the muscles, we reveal through all muscular action what is in our minds to a wonderful degree. Therefore, when you write a letter, the nerves and muscles of the hand and arm make peculiar jerks, twists, angles and flourishes which cause peculiar formations in the letters, that speak a language all their own, and to one who understands the method of reading and applying these records of the workings of the mind, the character, tendencies and future possibilities of the writer are like an open book. Professor Hackett is a new phenomenon who has jumped into prominence by his system of making men and women more intelligent, powerful, magnetic and successful in life. He has traveled extensively over the world, living in Egypt, the Orient and China, and has made a careful study, among the temples and abiding places, of the philosophies of the Ancient Egyptians, Zoroaster and Confucius. He says he can tell from a specimen of anyone's handwriting what the writer's leading characteristics are, what the writer is best fitted for in life and can reveal the weak and strong points of the writer as though gifted with some mighty, unknown faculty. He would like every man and woman, young and old, to write him the following odd lines and send same to him for examination and future reference. He says that he can startle and amaze anyone who writes him and will send to those who do so a large sample "Chart of Nature" illustrating the wonders and possibilities of his great system, absolutely free. Copy this verse and mail it to him to-day.

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My weak characteristics too.
I also wish more success in life
That's why I'm writing to you!

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Ben Sheldon's Love.

(Continued from page eight.)

see if the coast was clear, they started together. Jack thought it best to take the trail of the redskins, as it seemed to lead the way they wished to go, and their footprints could not then be distinguished so readily.

They had not gone far before Jack, who was in advance suddenly paused, and caught his companion by the arm. For before them, advancing rapidly, as if in a great hurry, was a tall, lithe Indian girl in a fringed, buckskin suit, ornamented with beads. She also stopped short when she saw them, and scanned their features intently.

"Palefaces lost?" she asked in a calm, musical voice.

"Well, yes;" Jack answered, feeling his way carefully. "I gues we don't know much about where we are, and still less about where we are going. Is the Indian princess far from home, too?"

"Yes, very far."

"Is her home that way?" and he pointed in the direction the string of savages had taken.

"No. Nekoosa's home is over yonder," pointing over the mountaintop. And Jack gathered that the Indians who were likely of the tribe to which this girl belonged, had come from a bend around the mountain, and in that case they must have come upon the camp of the emigrants. Had they molested them? He dared not put the question to the girl lest he should betray the presence of the movers in the vicinity, which it was just possible she might be ignorant of.

"Are those your people?" Myrtle asked. "And will it be safe for them to go to the village of red men over there?"

The girl gave a scornful toss of the head.

"Yes, it will be safe," she said, with dignity. "It is the red men over there who took Nekoosa, the chief's daughter, a prisoner. They go, my people, to take revenge. They take Indians by surprise, kill every one—take women and children for slaves."

"I am afraid," Myrtle answered, (and she meant that word "afraid" with all her heart), "they will not find the Indians unprepared for war. For they have painted their faces, and——"

She paused, for like Jack, she remembered she must not betray the fact that there were emigrants in the country.

"That is, they are going to fight some one, another tribe of red men, maybe."

"Maybe to kill palefaces," Nekoosa said. "Palefaces camped over there. You lost—come, I show you. Warriors not need their princess. Great chief, Nighthawk, who never sleeps, will meet them on the mountain."

"You are no longer a prisoner of Wind-that-Blows," said Jack. "Did you escape?"

"Yes, Nekoosa kill guard, and hid in cave over there where white men camp. Paleface chief find me there and take me on his horse to wagons. My people go on and leave whites alone and they camp by cave."

"Ben Sheldon, the Scout!" echoed Myrtle and Jack in one breath, when the girl mentioned the paleface chief.

"Yes, they call him Ben. He your chief?"

"Yes; and we must find him," Jack replied. "We will follow you, or if you direct us, we may be able to find the wagons alone."

Nekoosa turned and said: "Come!" And they followed in single file, Jack in the rear. They kept the trail the Indians had made in taking a short-cut over the mountain till they descended to a level of the plain, and before long they came upon the encampment of the movers.

It was nearing sunset when the three came up to the impromptu fortifications of the camp and were quickly passed inside the lines by the sentries.

"Well, I declare!" gasped Mrs. Actkins the moment she beheld the two, and grasped the fact that they were at last safe inside the camp. "Trouble enough you have caused us! But now that you are here, take hold and help; there is the baby squalling now."

"No," said Jack firmly. "Myrtle is worn out with her tramp here, and all she has gone through since her capture, and she shall not lift her hand. You might as well know," he added, "that we are to be married as soon as we reach the white settlement. She belongs to me now, and is out from under your control from this moment."

"Oh, you don't say!" exclaimed the woman in surprise and indignation. But she swallowed her wrath without wasting further words.

At that moment Ben, the Scout, appeared upon the scene, and after greeting the two cordially, he drew Jack aside.

"I have something to say to you," he said. "Something of the utmost importance."

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7027—Six Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16 year size will be required 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36 or 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

IF.

I'd like to be a poet,
And I could be, every time,
If only when I had a thought
I'd find a proper rhyme.

I'd like to be an artist,
Portrait in the Hall of Fame,
But the picture that I dream of
When on paper's not the same.

I'd like to be a singer.
The world by storm I'd take,
If only, when I try to sing,
My poor voice did not break.

So after all, try as I may,
With anguish or with joy,
I'll have to be content, I 'spose
With being just a boy.

The White Rose.

There was once a princess who had seven brothers, and they were all as brave as they could be. They were all strong and all handsome, and they were bent upon doing noble deeds. At last the eldest set out to slay a dragon that had caused great terror to the people, and as the princess bade him goodby it seemed as if there were a sword in her heart. Then the second brother was fired to go to rid the country of a band of robbers who were dangerous and cruel, and the princess encouraged him to go, although she loved him well. Soon the third brother left for a venturesome voyage to parts unknown and the fourth set forth to battle with a mighty giant. Filled with enthusiasm the fifth set out to free a distant nation from the bondage of a cruel ruler, and the sixth started on a mission to deliver a beautiful princess from prison. The seventh brother was his sister's favorite, and he said, "I, too, will go into the world. I will go with no great object, but, if it comes in my way to do good, I shall try to equal my brothers in courage."

So for two years the princess stayed at home and suffered when she heard of the suffering of the brothers. At last they all came back, happy and victorious, and the palace was filled with rejoicing.

"On my travels," said the youngest brother, "an old woman gave me this strange rose, which does not fade. See—when it lies by itself it is white, but the old dame said that in the hands of one who is brave and fearless it glows with vivid rose. Let us then see," said he, half in jest, "which of us is the bravest."

In turn they held the rose, for each one it glowed a beautiful pink.

"The charm hardly works," said the youngest brother. "It is the same for us all. But it is a beautiful flower. We will give it to our sister to wear."

He handed her the rose, and as she touched it the flower glowed crimson and warm and fragrant.

Indians.

The little American Indian child of the hunting tribes must on stormy days stay cooped up in one room with all the big Indians, and he has few toys. When the weather is good the whole family lives in the open air, and the hut or tent is used only for sleeping. Then it is that Indian boys can have good times, running, paddling in the rivers, riding old horses, harnessing the dogs—Indians always, have dogs—gathering acorns and roots and making and using bows and arrows. The little girls love to sit near their mothers and watch as the nimble fingers make baskets or beautiful beadwork. They watch so closely that they soon learn how to do it themselves. A story is told by a missionary of having trouble in seeing the children because they were so shy. When she went to see one Indian woman, she thought she caught a glimpse of little bare feet disappearing, but Sarah, the Indian woman, was alone. The Indians have no chairs; so their white visitors usually find a box to sit on. This one looked for the box, but could see only the bed. She finally started to sit carefully on the edge of the bed when she was startled by shrieks that made her jump. The Indian woman just said: "Dey 'fraid. Ma papoose dey under bed. Dey 'fraid. Me tink you bet' go now." So the caller left.

Flipping Cars.

A man in Newport, Ky., had a bull terrier, and the dog used to go flipping cars. You know what that means. It means riding on cars when the conductor does not see you, and it is not easy on the pay-as-you-enter kind. It was to wait at Fourth street for the Monmouth street car, jump on the back platform and ride across the Ohio River to Cincinnati and back again, and then at Fourth street, he would jump off. The conductors knew him and let him ride free. But, like children, the dog was careless, and he fell under the wheels of a car that he was trying to board. He all right for the dog, though. He used was killed, as many boys have been killed.

A Strange Cradle.

The Victoria Regina is a large waterlilly that flourishes in all tropical countries. In the summer time you can see it in the lily ponds of many city parks. The leaves of the plants are a yard or more in diameter and so s[tr]ong they look like green tea tr[ays] light border. They are usual[ly] and are used often for boat[s] cradles for the little brown [ba]. Just think of being cradled h[ere] leaf!

A tombstone usually has a good [word] for a man when he is down.

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